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# THE MIRROR

A  
WEEKLY  
JOURNAL  
REFLECTING  
THE  
INTERESTS OF  
THINKING  
PEOPLE

WILLIAM-MARION-REEDY  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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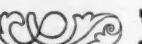
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## To the South



WITH the Autumn months, the tide of travel sets southward. Many who contemplate journeys to Texas, the Southwest and Mexico, put off their starting until the approach of cooler weather. Therefore, it is not out of line to suggest the merits of a trip through the Ozarks en route to any of the above localities. The air and scenery are superb, and can be enjoyed to the full from the library observation cars operated via the



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EIGHTH AND OLIVE STREETS.



# The Mirror.

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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### A STORY-SATIRE.

ACCORDING to the wishes of a number of persons who enjoyed the anonymous serial that ran through the MIRROR this summer, the publisher of this paper will issue shortly an attractive edition of that remarkable novel,

#### "THE IMITATOR."

Needless to say that the workmanship in the book-making will be of the best and up to the superior quality of the story satire itself. The author chooses to remain anonymous.

### THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS.

THERE has been an unprecedented sale of the September number of the MIRROR PAMPHLETS devoted to "WILLIAM MCKINLEY." Copies thereof have been mailed at the request of readers to all parts of the civilized world. The edition was, fortunately, some what larger than usual, and orders can still be filled.

For October the MIRROR PAMPHLET will be devoted to "THE DREAMERS OF JEWRY." The essay is one in which the editor of the MIRROR considers the most noted of the books of Mr. Israel Zangwill, as giving that author's attitude towards the ideals of Judaism.

The MIRROR PAMPHLETS are issued monthly. The subscription for twelve numbers is 50 cents. They are sold at this office, or by any branch of the American News Company, at 5 cents per copy.

### REFLECTIONS.

#### A Guiteau Editorial

THE esteemed St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* is reverting to its stalwartism of the days when Garfield quarrelled with the practical politicians of his party. Last Tuesday morning the *Globe-Democrat* contained an editorial upon President Roosevelt's selection of a Democrat as district judge of the United States court in Alabama. Among other things the *Globe-Democrat* said: "The distinct individuality of the Republican party must be preserved, and there can be no justification of any departure from its long approved and vindicated standards of action. President Roosevelt has appointed as district judge of the United States court in Alabama a Democrat, but one who, as a supporter of the gold standard, voted for McKinley. To that extent Judge Jones has acted with the latest Republican National platform, and his appointment has much to commend it. At the same time there must be in Alabama and in other Southern States Republicans who are thoroughly fitted by character and attainments to fill any vacant place. As far as the Democratic party is in power its inflexible rule is to appoint no Republican to office. The Republican party is less rigid, but the advancement of its principles is a matter to be kept steadily in mind. There is an obvious and serious distinction here that should not be overlooked." This is indefectible partisan hate. It is a waving of the bloody shirt. It is a deliberate attempt to reopen sectional controversies. The sentences quoted have the very ring of the *Globe-Democrat's* editorials against Garfield when he refused to be dictated to by the New York gang. They contain the gist of the explanation given by Charles Jules Guiteau for the murder of President Garfield—that he was sent by God to prevent the triumph of the Republican half-breeds. The editorial is a plea for the continued predominance in the Republican party of that element in the South that is purchasable for delivery in solid chunks of votes in the nominating convention. The *Globe-Democrat* believes that the "niggers" bought in blocks to control National Conventions should be allowed to rule the South. The *Globe-Democrat* is opposed to any course that will help to organize a respectable, white, Republican party in the South. It wants more men like the unutterable Demas and the unspeakable Pitkin placed to rule over white people. The *Globe-Democrat* wants the Hanna "coons," solidified in this city in 1896, kept on top even if continued recognition of them mean that the decent whites must be driven away from Republicanism. The editorial intimates a war upon President Roosevelt for trying to show the white people of the South that the Republican party is not the party of darky domination. The *Globe-Democrat* is serving some clique or clan that wishes to hold the Hanna "coons" together in the next National Republican convention. It speaks for the machine Republican politicians of the South who use the negroes to trade their convention votes for Federal offices, for the carpet-bagging crowd that keeps in power by shutting out all decent, white Republicans in the South. The *Globe-Democrat* says with Guiteau, "I am a Stalwart of the Stal-

warts." It is with the gang. It is against Roosevelt's conciliatory policy towards the South—which was also McKinley's policy. The editorial quoted is an anti-Roosevelt feeler for anti-Roosevelt delegates, to the next convention, from the South. It is fulfilled of the very spirit of the *Globe-Democrat's* criticism of Garfield up to the day Guiteau translated that criticism into assassination.

#### Webb Bey

MOHAMMED ALEXANDER RUSSELL WEBB is now Webb Bey. The Sultan has sent him some great decoration for services not elaborately specified, and the papers are full of Webb Bey. Well, here's hoping that it's all right. Twenty years and more ago Alex Webb was a reporter in St. Louis. He was the only reporter in St. Louis who wore a silk hat and waxed his moustache and dined with dizzy actresses. He would quit reporting now and then and go to selling jewelry. He would write poetry at times. He would also ride in decollete hacks in the ivory moonlight and shake his feet over the sides at the groundlings. Then he got theosophy, got it bad. Talked to Khoot Hoomi Lal Sing, believed in Blavatsky and Col. Olcott and all that gang, practiced rigors upon himself, prayed to the East and all that sort of thing. Then Mr. President Cleveland appointed him consul to Manila. There Alex became a Mohammedan—though he had certain Mohammedan proclivities in the old days. He went to India and there prevailed upon a lot of rich merchants to get him up a fund to convert the United States to the Koran. He got the fund in his wide trousers pocket and landing at New York made his "spiel" with such effect that all the papers in the land were talking about him. His graft lasted a couple of years, though Alex fell down once during "Ramadan" in Indianapolis when he shouldn't have looked upon the wine-skin at all. Later he had some financial difficulties in New York and then fell into oblivion. Now the Sultan pulls him out again and Alex is again on top and living easy. That Webb is smart there is no gainsaying. He has made a better Oriental fakir than those who were born in the Orient. But nobody would have thought that he could confide the Sultan. Mr. R. Kipling, Esq., should have known Webb and he could have served him up into a story better than "Kim." Webb may write his own life some day. He once wrote a play that was presented in this city and had the supreme courage to sit in a box while it was being given its first presentation. If he has not lost his old dramatic instinct he will some day tell us his own story, from selling diamonds at Mermod & Jaccard's to becoming Mahomet's evangelist to the Western world.

#### The Case of Miss Stone

THE Chicago *Record-Herald* boldly advises that not a cent of ransom be paid for Miss Stone, now held by Bulgarian or Turkish brigands. The advice isn't as good as it looks. If the governments ruling the region in which Miss Stone is held cannot save her life or save her from a fate worse than death, and she can be saved by a ransom, by all means let the ransom be raised and delivered. To the argument that buying Miss Stone's freedom will imperil other lady missionaries in the oriental lands the answer is that eventually the United States will obtain such punishment of the kidnappers of Miss Stone as will forever discourage further kidnapping of Americans. Miss Stone should be ransomed. She is in danger. The future will take care of itself. This innocent woman should not be sacrificed to any supposititious general good. The concrete fact is that she can be saved from a horrible fate in one way. To save one woman from such a fate is worth all that can be raised. And the government in whose territory the extortion was practiced will have to repay the ran-



som with heavy additions that will induce that government to warn its brigands not to meddle with unprotected American women.

### Queer Tariff

OUR tariff is a queer thing. The Steel Trust can deliver steel billets in England at \$16.50 per ton, while British manufacturers cannot make the billets on the ground for less than \$19 a ton. And at that American workmen are twice as well paid, in that line, as the British. Steel billets in this country are selling it from \$26 to \$27 per ton. Why should the Englishman get his steel cheaper from us than he can get it at home? Where does it help the American workingman? The latter gets high wages but he must eventually give up what his employer charges other people for steel? Why should our tariff shut out English steel when English steel cannot possibly compete with our steel on English soil? How does America profit by paying more for steel than it can lay steel down for in England? The tariff helps the foreigner but "soaks" the American every time.

### The Teachings of Dante

SOME kind friend has sent me a volume labeled "The Teachings of Dante." Those books on Dante are always amusing to me. They are so useless outside of the history there is in Dante's work. There is nothing in Dante in a religio-philosophical way that any one need write a book about. All there is to Dante, in that respect, can be found in a little green-paper-covered pamphlet that you can buy for a nickel—the Catholic Catechism. Ponderous commentators will not believe this, but it's an absolute fact. Dante's religion was or is simply the Catholicism that children of seven years begin to learn in this country. It may be a little mixed with Dante's own crankeries, but it's at the base of his *motif*. There is nothing overpoweringly appalling in Dante—except that he's something of a bore—to any young man who knows his Catholic catechism; that is to say, speaking of his "doctrines," not of his poetry. His Heaven, Hell and Purgatory are made up, to a great extent, out of what may be called the "stock" stories of those places in Catholic lore. His esoteric meanings are all bosh to boys who are fed on the Catholic mysteries. The Dante commentators are almost as absurd as *Don Quixote* in their maunderings about his meanings. I know this looks hideously irreverent, but it is true beyond all doubt. Dante believed just about what Jimmie O'Flannigan, pupil at St. Bridget's school, believes to-day, about "life, death and the vast forever."

### A False Alarm Utopia

A SHORT time ago the papers were full of the glories of "a country without strikes"—New Zealand. Mr. Henry D. Lloyd wrote a book about it. The secret of strike settlement was solved. It was compulsory arbitration. The employer and employee had to lie down together, not one inside the other. It was all idyllic. Mr. Lloyd was rapturous. A strike-weary people looked to New Zealand hopefully. They're still looking. The other day a man, a New Zealand business man, appeared in New York City and pricked the roseate bubble. Compulsory arbitration, according to him, was a grand fizzle. It didn't arbitrate. The law simply made more trouble than there was before its enactment, and the people were becoming highly, or rather deeply, disgusted. The arbitration courts were even turned into instruments of persecution. The law's operation fostered labor difficulties and officials protracted deliberation on cases in order to augment their per diem. As this New Zealand business man saw the ideal law in operation, it was anything but ideal, and he declared that those who so approved of it in this country, had been misled by designing persons. Those wonderful state laws that settled everything between citizens, are even so unsatisfactory that there is talk of their repeal. Mr. J. Grattan Gray, quoted in the *New York Nation*, says that "the working of the conciliation boards has been so mischievous and ineffectual as to demonstrate quite clearly that they ought

to be done away with." These boards, instead of preventing, foment disturbances. They prevent the expansion of industrial enterprise. Capital is afraid to invest in work that may be stopped by the continuous disputation. And the boards of arbitration don't arbitrate. Between 1896 and 1900, of ninety cases brought by trades unions before the boards, only twenty-nine were settled. The whole elaborate scheme, so lauded by Mr. Lloyd, is said to be a failure. The farmers complain that they are made to suffer by the laws for the trades unionists. Manufacturers never know where they are, for they may be landed in an arbitration dispute in the twinkling of an eye. The "country without strikes" is not a country of industrial peace. The movement for the repeal of the compulsory arbitration laws is growing wider. There is said to be a reaction against the whole system of laws applying the doctrines of Ruskin and Carlyle, including even that tax method so highly recommended to the State of Colorado by State Senator Bucklin. It is too bad if this modern Utopia is to vanish right before our eyes, and Carlyle, Ruskin, Henry George and the other readjusters of society are to be shown up as dreamers. If it be true that in Utopian New Zealand "the public debt is increasing and the per capita tax is heavy, exceeding that of any other Australasian colony," it is hard to see how all these laws we have heard so much about are doing the people any good. Laws, however altruistic of intent, that paralyze business and pile up taxes are not good laws. It seems almost impossible to believe that there could be such a divergence of opinion upon the New Zealand conditions as represented by the utterances of Mr. Henry D. Lloyd and Mr. J. Grattan Gray. Mr. Lloyd had well nigh carried us by storm over into his camp, but Mr. Gray says that the bright pictures of conditions under these New Zealand laws are drawn by "birds of passage" who have "taken a run of a few weeks through the colony" and are wilfully deceived by those to whose guidance they entrust themselves. The latest returns would indicate that the New Zealand Utopia is "a false alarm."

### Wonderful Theory

A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* declares that the triumphant dominance of Quay corruption in Pennsylvania is due to the Quaker leaven in that State, to the political consequences of non-resistance. This is ingenious but idiotic. Quakerism is as much responsible for Quayism as the Sermon on the Mount is for Czolgosz. The venerable *Atlantic* is getting "bats in its belfry."

### A Good Book

THERE must be some people who read books other than novels. If there be any such, I would recommend the recent book by "Brander Matthews," entitled "The Parts of Speech." It consists of a number of essays upon our language and the essays are learned without priggishness, sprightly without flippancy and instructive without dry didacticism. Professor Matthews' essays upon the uses of words, upon slang and rhyme and other matters are charming reading, and his vindication of this country as not speaking a dialect is accomplished convincingly and with rare good humor. Mr. Matthews is fully competent to write upon philology from the dry-as-dust standpoint, but he does not assume the professorial attitude at all. He is most democratic in his view of the origin and development of language, and he defends pretty nearly anything for which one can show general usage. At a pinch, I believe, he would stand for "it's me," though he wouldn't write it himself. Professor Matthews believes in keeping the language vital and he knows that it can't be kept vital by unswerving adherence to rules. It could if it were a dead language, but it lives on the lips of the people and it is always in the making. Slang, he is inclined to believe, is an evidence of the vitality of language, in that it is usually a device for a short cut to the adequate expression of an idea or a means of securing emphasis. Slang, he would almost maintain, is a kind of poetry in that it is nearly always

figurative. Malformed words no not appall Professor Matthews. If they spring up among the people, and "stick" and they express an idea better than it ever has been expressed before, those words are good enough for him. One feels that one could use a singular verb with a plural noun before Professor Matthews without taking his breath away. One feels, too, in reading him, that his language has just the vitality he so much prizes, though without trace of slovenliness. He believes even in a certain amount of spelling reform that will save time in speaking, or ink and muscle in writing. This book is the philologizing of a good writer and a good fellow who doesn't think that language should be hard and unbending and unchangeable. Any person who is interested in the speech that we use every day, in its history, its meaning, its relation to our national life, will read "The Parts of Speech" with interest and with pleasure, and after the reading will be able to write and speak with more ease and grace than before.

### Kitchener's Failure

THE hero of Khartum is in bad odor in England. His rigorous measures have had no effect upon the Boers. Practically nothing has been done in Africa since Lord Roberts returned to London. The warrior who smashed the Mahdi has not smashed anything but his own reputation in South Africa. He has done nothing effective but issue proclamations that have been ridiculous in the extreme. The Boers fight rings round him, cut off his supplies, capture whole troops of his soldiers, take his cannon and ammunition and make him a laughing stock. After each Kitchener proclamation the Boers appear and do something particularly daring and brilliant and then Kitchener loses his temper and excommunicates the Boers from the laws of war. The British soldiery is being wasted and worse than that—in British opinion—British money is being poured into a rat-hole. Most of the money seems to go to the utterly unintended purpose of keeping the Boers supplied with rations and munitions of war. Kitchener's campaign is an example of blundering futility that makes even "Tommy Atkins" forget his reverence for authority and speak out in blunt criticism, through his eloquent mouth-piece, Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The British army appears to be at present in not much better shape than was the French army when it went against Germany in 1870. The management of the war has been fat-headed to the last extreme and the worst of it is that experience of the consequences of fat-headedness teaches the army nothing. The British Government seems to be "doped." The Boers are "officially" defeated, but they are still winning victories. The war is "over," but the fighting goes on. It is no wonder that Kipling and his countrymen are calling aloud for another campaign by "fighting Bobs" in South Africa.

### The King's Cancer

EDWARD VIIth's doctors deny that he has a cancerous growth in his throat that must soon terminate fatally. Recent occurrences in this country have led the public to believe that it is a safe proposition to take the declarations of doctors, who are treating rulers, as meaning the exact opposite of their apparent purport.

### The Canal Treaty

THE United States obtains everything its jingoes contended for in the matter of the Nicaragua Canal treaty. This country will build the canal. It will fortify the canal if it so desires. It will leave the canal open to everybody but this country's enemies in time of war. This is a great victory, according to the newspaper statesmen, but in point of fact the United States would have done all these things under the rejected Hay-Pauncefote treaty just as surely as they will do them under the new treaty that abrogates the Clayton-Bulwer arrangement. The United States would have been master of the canal under any circumstances. Eventually the canal would have become as it were a part of this country's coast line and this country would have had the right to protect it in any manner it saw fit. Great Britain has not given up to the United States as much as



many people seem to think. Great Britain has surrendered an untenable contention and has done so as gracefully as could have been expected. Great Britain has knuckled down to the Monroe Doctrine in its broadest application, for no other reason than that she had to knuckle. Great Britain is the weakest power in the world to-day and can only look to this country with the faintest hope of finding a friend. The canal treaty that gives this country everything it asks is the one thing that tends to make the remainder of Europe afraid to take advantage of Great Britain's plight in Africa. There is no alliance between the United States and Great Britain. There cannot be. But it is to Great Britain's interest to make it appear to the rest of Europe that there is an alliance or at least a strong understanding. Great Britain needs our money and an appearance of our moral support, and if this appearance of our moral support were not kept up assiduously, the Russian would be on his way to Constantinople and into India inside of a fortnight.

## The Boss and Joss

WHEN the MIRROR said, some time ago, that Mr. W. H. Thompson was the joss, boss and veiled prophet of the World's Fair movement, there were people who thought it a disguised compliment to the rugged person who stuck to the Fair proposition when everybody else was quitting. But he's all the MIRROR said he was. His architect, Mr. Isaac S. Taylor, is Director of Works. His physician, Dr. Laidley, will be Medical Director of the Fair. The World's Fair is a W. H. Thompson institution. This paragraph isn't a "kick." It's only a statement of fact. Whether there will be a case of "too much Thompson" later on, in Fair management, remains to be seen.

## American Invaders

YOU'VE heard of Jingoism. Well, not even Mr. Jefferson Brick himself could outdo in jingoism of the Yankee sort the author of a book now having a large sale in London, called "The American Invaders." This book asserts that there is not a single field of British enterprise that has not been dominated or is not now being dominated by American business methods. American patent medicines are ruining British chemists. American printing machines are driving out British presses. The English woman wears Yankee corsets, shoes and shirt-waists. The Yankee type-writers, clocks, watches, roller-top desks, chairs, household furniture are sweeping everything before them. Yankee canned goods are on almost every table and the Yankee ice-box has made its appearance everywhere. England is at the mercy of Yankee steel-makers and the finest sites in London are being bought up, it is believed, by American capital. The Americans are gobbling up the London street railways. There is but one explanation for it, in the opinion of the author of the book. The English are not progressive. The things good enough for the father of the English manufacturer are good enough for him. Then again, the British labor unions control manufacture. They do not do as much work as they can, but as much work as they like to do, no more. The English are afraid of any method of work that is new. That a method is new commends itself to Americans. The English have not yet learned the best use of machinery and they can't see the point in Mr. Yerkes' remark that they "don't know the value of a scrap-heap." Reading "The American Invaders," last Sunday, the writer of this paragraph reflected that it was a more desperately hopeless volume than the one written a few years ago by a Frenchman on "Anglo Saxon Superiority." "The American Invaders" proclaims on every page that the English employer and employee are inferior to the American employer and employee, that there is no gumption, no adaptability to new ideas in the tight little island. The cry of the author is simply "degeneration." The tone is so riotously celebrative of American superiority that one can hardly believe that it was written by an Englishman for an English newspaper. It is Jefferson Brick raised to the nth power of glorification of the American genius. It is said that the book is circulating throughout Great Britain by the hundred thousand. If that be so then

the stolid Britisher must be startled at the picture of himself. He must begin to think that he is as far behind the 20th Century Yankee as the Boer is behind the Briton, in the Briton's opinion. If Lord Salisbury should happen to read "The American Invaders" he would be more than convinced that there are other dying nations besides the countries populated by the Latin races.

## H. C.

HALL CAINE, having invented a new literature, is now endeavoring to invent a new religion. If his new religion be not better than his new literature, heaven help us, for beyond all doubt, Mr. Hall Caine is the most ignorant man now living, to say nothing of his being the most impudent.

## The Peach

MARRIAGE ought to improve Senator Depew. He has gone very stale intellectually in his public remarks for about three years. Depew is a mighty good fellow, but that's as far as the public has ever been led to believe in him. As a Senator he has been presented to the public as little more than a well-groomed political jester. It is rather grudgingly admitted that he is a very efficient representative of the New York Central railroad. He is the best advertisement that concern has got—not even excepting Elbert Hubbard and his "Message to Garcia." There is no doubt that everybody in the country is glad that Chauncey is to be married again, for his happiness may overcome him so as to make him "unable to find words to express himself," and that would really be a great boon. Mr. Depew has a perfect right to be married if he wishes to marry, but there are fears that he will begin to talk about it to the reporters. If he does, we shall have still another cause to regret the too lax views of the authorities upon freedom of speech. The New York Central Senator is happy, of course, but that's no reason why he should talk us all to death telling us about it. Rather let us say, abandoning persiflage, that the happiness of the Senator should not be made an excuse for the precipitation upon us of faked "characteristic" interviews in which the elderly gentleman is made to utter school-boy twaddle about the lady who is to be his wife. Mr. Depew has been made by reporters—according to the reporters. The fact is that he has been unmade by them. They have used him to father too much of their flimsy smartness. They have made him somewhat ridiculous, which is rather poor return for the graciousness with which he has lent himself to their purposes in piling up good "strings" of copy. Mr. Depew may not be the ablest man in the Senate or in the railroad business, but he has not attained to where he is on nothing, and besides, it is not humanly possible for any man to be quite as absurd as the journalists have made Mr. Depew appear to be. When he shall have married, it is to be hoped that his wife will keep him away from the interviewers. If that can be done for about five years, the Senator will appear a great man. If it cannot be done, he will sink to the level of Tom Ochiltree or Marshal Wilder. If Mr. Depew hadn't talked so much for print he might have had a place in the National pantheon. As it is, unless he shuts down on himself, he will be famous only in the pages of the jocose almanac. The affable Senator is now in a position to profit by the experience of a certain gallant sailor man in the matter of autumnal marriage and unlimited accessibility to interviewers. This is his chance to reform and begin to acquire reputation for wisdom rather than for words.

## An Epic

AN epic poem entitled "The Voyage of Ithobal" has been written by Sir Edwin Arnold and published in this country by Dillingham. Imagine an original epic coming from the Dillingham press. Sir Edwin Arnold is now old and blind and has had recent, bitter, domestic sorrow. He once wrote very fair third class poetry in "The Light of Asia" and a few lyrics. His "Light of the World" was not wholly bad, although it showed a falling off from his first famous quality. This last poem "The Voyage of Ithobal," however, is—well it is the last of a singing gift that was never very great.

It is very difficult reading, at its best, but there are long stretches of it that are worse than Homer's catalogue of the ships or Walt Whitman's enumerations or Rabelais' adjectives to a fool. The poet's hand is heavy and his thought is sluggish and at times his verse becomes more prosy than prose—a habit that verse has, when it isn't poetry. To one who read "The Light of Asia" in youth and thought it not only the true light but real poetry, for a time, "The Voyage of Ithobal" has only a pathetic interest as showing how time flies and how illusions change.

## After Stone

ANYTHING to defeat Stone for the United States Senatorship from Missouri! Ex-Governor Stephens intimates that before long Congressman DeArmond will be in the race to divide the silver strength.

## Tammany's Play

TAMMANY'S candidate for Mayor of New York, Mr. E. M. Shepard, has said things unfit for publication against Tammany. Tammany gets even by nominating him for sure defeat. When Shepard has been defeated Tammany will say that the incident shows the folly of trying to get Democrats to support Mugwumps. Tammany knows it's done for in this campaign, but it wants to make its defeat a stepping stone to victory next time.

## Money and Religion

PIERPONT MORGAN seems to be the biggest figure at the Episcopal Convention in San Francisco, but he isn't nearly as big a power in that communion as John D. Rockefeller is in the Baptist body. A Cleveland preacher who thought Rockefeller didn't like him has quit his pulpit, just as a Chinese mandarin might disembowel himself if the Emperor looked cross-eyed at him. The money king in religion is a mighty interesting phenomenon.

## The Pace

FREDDIE GEBHARD has sued for divorce the lady who walked into a fountain at midnight in Baltimore on a dare from Harry Lehr—an incident thrillingly described in the MIRROR's serial novel, "The Imitator," shortly to appear in book form. Freddie Gebhard was once the typical golden youth of the United States, but he settled up and settled down and the gay world forgot him. His wife was a National beauty and is yet, according to reports. Gebhard was an athlete and Apollo, but he is said to have been sadly shattered. The two have gone the pace of Gotham's swell set and have reached the first of the goals—the divorce court. The second goal is the insane asylum. Divorce and dementia are the finish of those who would be of the upper crust. Time was, in Gotham, when the person who was divorced was regarded as a curiosity. Now it seems likely to come to pass that the human curiosity will be the society person who has not been divorced.

## They Pilled the Lady

A WOMAN'S literary club in San Francisco has distinguished itself in a peculiar way. It has "pilled" Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson when her name was voted upon for membership. The lady in question has done nothing that has not been done by leading social and financial luminaries of the church whose general convention is now being held in San Francisco. Mrs. Stevenson, however, doesn't belong to the church in question and furthermore hasn't got the "dough." Mrs. Stevenson is said to have met and loved "Tusitala" before she was divorced from her husband, a Mr. Osbourne. This is terrible to the literary ladies of San Francisco. If the story be true it only shows how the San Franciscans are behind the aristocracy and nobility elsewhere. San Francisco doesn't know that such things are all right among the Belmonts and Vanderbilts. San Francisco society doesn't know that Mrs. John Ruskin who become Mrs. Millais was received in the best society in London and was even honored by the virtuous Victoria. But then, Mrs. Stevenson only left her husband for a mere writer and devoted her life to him that she



## The Mirror

might prolong his own and thus enrich the world with more of his charming writing. Perhaps if Mrs. Osbourne, that was, had quit her husband for a millionaire she would not have been "pilled" when her name was voted on for membership in one of the swellest clubs of San Francisco.

### "White House"

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has done another thing that makes some people tremble for our institutions. He has had the words "White House" substituted for "Executive Mansion" upon his official stationery. This is not as it should be. It is not "imperial." It is not "strenuous." It is not "erratic." It is not "aristocratic." It is not any of the things that the people who don't like Roosevelt would have wished it to be. It is simply straight-out American common sense. It is good taste. It is Anglo-Saxon, not Latin. It is more distinguished than the phrase it supplants. Talk about "Jeffersonian Simplicity." Imagine Grover Cleveland preferring "White House" to "Executive Mansion." Roosevelt cannot do too much of this sort of thing. He will lop all the frills off the position to which he has been promoted by Fate, and yet the White House will be more of a social center under Roosevelt than it has been since the days of Grant. There has been a good deal of priggishness about the White House for a long time. That will disappear, but it will disappear in a sane observance of necessary good form and will not be supplanted either by free-and easy familiarity or the flamery of a court.

### Schley

UP to the time the MIRROR goes to press this week the burden of testimony in the naval inquiry appears to have borne heavily against the contentions of Rear Admiral Schley. The testimony does not prove that Schley was a coward at Santiago. It does not take from him directly any of the credit that belongs to him for the smashing of Cervera's fleet. What the evidence does is to impugn the executive ability of Schley, and the evidence comes from the best men in the Navy. Schley appears to have been a good fighter but a poor disciplinarian and a bungling manoeuvrer. He appears to have had a bad memory in his explanations of the events upon which were based the accusations of bad judgment prior to the great sea-fight. The chief of the charges against Schley in the famous New York Sun articles seem to be sustained at every point and the denials of Schley's friends seem to be established as, at the least, tergiversations. Up to the present writing Rear Admiral Schley has not succeeded in vindicating himself. He seems, on the contrary, to have elicited nothing but evidence calculated to shake his friends' faith in him. It is only fair to say, however, that the inquiry is not yet finished and that the tide of testimony may turn in the "applicant's" favor.

### Chaw Beef

RUSSELL A. ALGER, late Secretary of War, is engaged in "chawing beef" once more. He has written a book in his own defense. His defense is to abuse Miles, Sampson and everybody else who had anything to do with the Cuban campaign. Inferentially he takes a slap at President Roosevelt for the Round Robin that saved the army from annihilation by fever in the Santiago trenches. Alger's book is too late. It took him too long to cook up his defense. Whatever may have been the defects of Miles, of Sampson, of Shafter, or of anybody else, it is clear that General Russell A. Alger, as Secretary of War, was incompetent to a degree that would have been laughable had it not been so tragic. Alger was a weak sister in the War Office. He was swamped by the war and lost his head to such an extent that he so far forgot himself as to say that he had an admirable war system until a war came along and broke it down. Alger was not corrupt. He was weak and soft and easily "worked." He meant well but he didn't know—that was all. And his new book in his own defense will be found to be a valuable contribution to history, only in so far as it shows its author to have been

just the things he wants to prove he wasn't. General Miles made a mistake in springing the embalmed beef scandal when he did, but General Alger and his chief subordinates did not meet Miles' charges, as they should have been met. Mr. Alger should have resigned before the war against Spain was declared, as the Administration wished him to do. It was only President McKinley's good heart that prevented the coercion of Alger into private life before the first move was made against Spain.

### Vote For The Amendments

TO the intelligent readers of the MIRROR, and there are no others, there is one sufficient reason for voting in favor of the Charter Amendments. That reason is that without the adoption of those amendments the complete World's Fair idea cannot be realized. The complete World's Fair idea is a beautiful World's Fair set in the midst of a clean, well-appointed, beautiful city. We want no World's Fair that shall be as a fine diamond in a dirty shirt. The Charter Amendments are framed to provide the means to put the city into shape. They are designed to get money from the people in such a manner as not to make the burden upon the tax-payer too great. They are so conceived that the opportunities for extravagant or corrupt expenditure of public moneys under their provisions are reduced to a minimum. They are safeguarded against any future taking off the limit in the matter of the city's indebtedness. They will bear, in so far as they bear at all upon the means of anyone, upon the wealthy as upon those in moderate circumstances. They are the only means by which the city, bankrupted by bad management and crippled by the conservatism of the charter-framers of a quarter of a century ago, can put itself in line with modern city management. Every voter who wants the city to appear at its best during the World's Fair period and to keep pace with metropolitan progress after that time will vote for the Amendments. The defeat of the Amendments would be a tremendous disaster and an ineradicable disgrace to the community. If the Amendments are going to take a few dollars out of anyone's pockets in taxation, remember that the World's Fair and the New St. Louis will put more dollars back in his pocket fifty fold. The Amendments will make property more valuable. The work to be done under the Amendments will afford employment to labor. If, as has been said, rents will go up, there is as much reason to believe that wages will go up, too. Wages always do go up in World's Fair cities and periods. There is everything to gain in the adoption of the Amendments, and nothing to lose. The interests of all the people in this city in this matter are identical. The benefits will be distributed among all. The men who are supporting the Amendments would suffer more from any ill effect of the Amendments than would any of the supposedly hostile small property owners. Every reader of the MIRROR who is a voter in the city of St. Louis should vote for the Amendments and do a little work for other votes among his friends and neighbors. The adoption of the Amendments are as necessary to the success of the purposes of those who are managing the World's Fair enterprise, as is the payment of the Government's appropriation for the Fair.

### A Shut In Singer

"THE Dead Calypso and Other Verses" is a book from the A. M. Robertson publishing house, of San Francisco. The author is Louis Alexander Robertson. The book has fire and grit in it. It has also much tenderness and sadness. It runs the gamut from the most spiritual aspiration to the rage of desire defeated in satiation. In the matter of form all the verses are exquisitely done. In the matter of feeling the intensity is poignant. The total impression of this poetical utterance is that of a strong man tightly tethered to the consequences of his long past joy of living. The title poem is a beautiful rhythmic expression of the philosophy that ends in the realization that the worship of pleasure is a worship of death. The poem entitled, "Ataxia" reveals the explanation of the alternating piteous protest and savage resignation that ring through the book.

This is the poetry of a tabetic, of a prisoner to vanished joys. The anguish of soul is very real in all the verses. The paganism of the singer's mind is but thinly veneered with the religiosity of his softer moods. Again and again you are reminded of Heine's spirit, not infrequently of James Thomson. Always the song has color to it, has blood and bone and flesh and soul woven through it. When Mr. Robertson tries the lighter forms of verse like the rondel or the ballade he is always technically true, but those forms nevertheless are hardly suited to the tenseness of his mood. Only Francois Villon ever put the big passions and emotions into those forms. The book is immensely revelative of the man who has not left his room in a decade, but lives on memories of conjugations of the verb "to love," and upon loneliness and despair. Passion is depicted in this book from a point of view never taken before, at least never taken quite so frankly. It is seen in perspective but adorable even for what it has brought its too assiduous devotee. Mr. Robertson is a lover of the sonnet and his book contains a dozen poems in that form that are of exquisite workmanship. The sonnets are the best things in the book, because of their essential constraint. They reflect the calmer questionings, musings, regrets, longings, resentments of the shut-in poet. They are characterized by an imagination clear and strong and not shackled even by the chasing and polishing of the workmanship. Brain and heart have full play even though the body be mostly dead. The pathos of the man of mental scope and emotional vigor chained to suffering and inactivity is voiced with dignity and power. There is nothing finer in the book than this conclusion of a sonnet:

So I on Passion's altars long have burned  
The incense of my soul; but all in vain,—  
The love I dream of I have never known.

"The Dead Calypso and other Verses" should find a wide popularity among contemporaneous readers of poetry. They give a poetical view of life from a mental and physical viewpoint that is bizarre in its isolation, in its poise between death and life, between yearning and satiety, between the free mind, the aspiring desire and the shackled body. The ataxic outlook upon a world and life both subjectively and objectively beautiful and the moods in which that outlook find expression are of acute psychological interest and at the same time, for the most part, are voiced in poetry of a highly sensuous and technically finished character.

### To Abolish Passes

A COMMITTEE of railroad big-wigs that has been meeting in New York City makes a startling announcement to the effect that a concerted effort is to be made by the roads to abolish the custom of giving passes. The committee represented all the railroads in the Trunk Line Association, the Central Traffic Association and the Western Passenger Association, and it voted to recommend the complete abolition of the free pass system, to take effect January 1, 1902. This committee was appointed at a meeting of the presidents of about forty important railroad systems, held last winter. Its work was designed to be supplemental to the action of the presidents in order that passes should not be given to influence traffic. The committee's action was unanimous. There are to be no exceptions to the rule against passes. There are to be no exchanges of annual passes between presidents and other leading officers of railroads. No trip passes are to be issued for political, business or other reasons, and the thousands of family passes issued to minor officers of railroads are to be discontinued. According to President Truesdale, of the Lackawanna, this is the only country in which the pass system prevails, and there appears to be no good reason to continue it. The railroads disposed of the question of issuing passes to influence traffic some time ago, and now an effort will be made to wipe out the pass custom entirely. The custom of exchanging annual passes for the personal use of presidents, vice-presidents, general managers, general superintendents, chief engineers and lesser officers



of railroads has grown to such an extent that the principal railroads regard it as a serious interference with their passenger traffic. Dead-head travelers, it is asserted, frequently crowd out persons ready to pay cash. A big railroad system like the Pennsylvania, or the New York Central, issues tens of thousands of free passes yearly. Now we've heard such talk before, time and time again, and it never amounted to anything. Even the Interstate Commerce Law didn't stop pass-giving. But this latest move looks serious. Can the railroads carry out the plan? It would seem to be easy enough, but the pass habit is hard to kill. A pass doesn't amount to much. Trains run anyhow. Why not give a man a pass if he can help the road in politics, journalism, business? The gift is cheap, when the fact is considered that the trains have to go whether they're full or not. And the official will have a hard time getting down to paying his fare. It will not be difficult to imagine that the official who diverts business from his road to some favored other road in preference to rivals, will not have to pay fare. The worst evil of the pass system is that chiefly the people who have passes are those who can afford to pay. If they were made to pay, the railroad revenues would be increased by millions. If the railroads are to abolish passes, the next thing they will have to do will be to reduce fares. If there were no passes, the rate per passenger per mile could possibly be reduced to 13/4 cents, and the roads would make money. Still the railroad pass is a good deal of a myth in its pretension to being a "free gift." In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is no such thing. It is given for some consideration, for some service past or future, that has been or is to be rendered by some one, not necessarily the pass-bearer. It is a cheap compensation for very important services in politics or in business. It saves a great deal of money, and it doesn't add to running expenses, save for printing and engraving. The pass system can be abolished, but will it be abolished? Hardly. People will ride free in this country for a long time to come. When the passes are stopped the railroads will soon be brought to time by the legislatures. This isn't as things should be, but it is as things are.



#### A Call to Col. Creel.

ART is rampant in Kansas City. George Creel, the editor of the *Independent*, of that city, demands art for breakfast, dinner and supper, or he will point the finger of scorn unceasingly at everybody. Mr. Creel wants to know why dramatists don't go in for art and why they don't seek it in the columns of the newspapers. Why, he says, art is lying loose, all around, everywhere. Everything is art—even Nature. It grieves Col. Creel to think of all the good plots that are being missed because dramatists don't read the news. Particularly is he grieved that some one like Augustus Thomas, Bronson Howard or David Belasco didn't hop on an item that he found in an Italian paper as furnishing forth a plot for a play that would shake the world. The incident that Col. Creel insists shall be dramatized will bear repetition. The heroine is a beautiful woman, envied of her sex and rejoicing in a jealous husband that made her all the more interesting to her friends. But, alas, in the midst of her triumphs, and with the first prize for the most beautifully equipped and decorated carriage at Nice's battle of flowers on her dressing-table, she was on her death-bed. "Darling," she whispered to her husband, who was bending over her, "loved one, I am dying; I have a confession to make before it is too late; and oh, I implore your forgiveness!" "Don't distress yourself," said the husband. "My dear one," she continued, "I knew it would wring your heart—I—I have—been—untrue—to you; but—" "My poor wife," he answered, "I freely forgive you. Try to die happy. I know all and that is why I poisoned you!" What a tableau that would make! Why it would curdle with throbs and thrills even the decadently gangrenous soul of Gabriele d'Annunzio or Pierre Louys. That's the kind of art that is wanted in Kansas City—something to curl one's whiskers. Art like that hits a fellow with the impact of the fall of a

thousand of brick. There's nothing like it in "Camille" or any of the classics. Browning's "In a Balcony" can't hold a candle to it. But we live in hope. Perhaps Col. Creel will develop the delicious incident into a play of his own, and if he can write a play as well as he can edit the high-class *Independent*, the drama, when it makes its appearance, will be voted by Kansas City, with one tongue, a literary lollapallooser. Art at Kansas City cries loudly, "Creel! Creel!" Col. Creel will please oblige.

Uncle Fuller.



#### RED HOT REFORM IN CHICAGO.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

THE indictment of Robert E. Burke, the Croker of Chicago politics, on the charge of embezzling \$23,000 of the city's revenues is a fine example of the possibilities of a "nervy" grand-jury and at the same time a sad commentary on the business of politics as it is conducted in nearly every American city. Mr. Burke achieved celebrity as a ward boss in the days when the elder Carter Harrison dominated Chicago politics. Ten years ago he was a poor printer. To-day he lives in a splendid stone mansion of his own on La Salle avenue. He employs a lackey to drive him to and from his office in the city hall. He keeps a stable of good horses and rubber-tired vehicles of fashionable design. He has been known as the present Carter Harrison's right-hand man since the first day that the latter became a personage in the affairs of Chicago. Nominally Mr. Burke is oil inspector. In effect he is the master and manager of the democratic party in Cook county and a power of vast importance in the politics of Illinois. If Hugh Brady of St. Louis were two inches shorter and twenty pounds stouter and didn't talk so much, he'd be a ringer for "Bobby" Burke. This ought to be encouraging to Hugh, for his Chicago prototype has attained great eminence as an organizer and master of men. He is credited even with intelligence of a high order. There is no doubt that he has "delivered" the town to Carter H. Harrison on three separate and quite different occasions. Burke was indicted upon evidence furnished by the Standard Oil company's officials here and already Bobby is making the air quake with a howl about the persecution of the octopus. He says the trust "had it in for him," and that his indictment was plotted by Republican politicians for unworthy political ends. Graeme Stewart of the National Republican Committee was a member of the jury which found true bills against Bobby, and Mr. Stewart is himself a mayoralty probability. But the indicted boss queered all these bids for sympathy and support by forestalling the indictments and rushing over to the city treasurer with his personal check for \$30,000 before the indictments had been voted upon. Before he had been accused of stealing \$23,000 he "makes good" by planking down the full amount with an extra \$7,000 as a token of good faith. Most people regard Mr. Burke's hair-trigger restitution as a confession. Some are so evil-minded as to suppose that the boss intended the extra money as "an indocement" to spike the big gun about to be fired into his camp. If the presentation of the big check had any effect it was to clinch the vote against Burke. Ten minutes after the grand jury knew that he had "made good" the indictments were voted. Now Mr. Burke is out the whole sum and in for a vigorous prosecution that cannot fail to shatter his prestige as a party boss and a public official.

In the tidal wave of reform that is sweeping over Chicago it is as yet not easy to see what is to be the fate of the Harrison dynasty. Just now it seems to be tumbling about the ears of Carter the Second like a political house of cards. It is one of the ironies of fate that the collapse of the machine seems to have begun with the Mayor's recent efforts to be in fact—as in boast—a model Mayor. Mayor Harrison has been so staunch and so unequivocal a friend and champion of Bobby Burke, he owes and admits so great a debt of political gratitude to the little fat boss that it is impossible to avoid the inference that the disgrace of Burke means the political undoing of the man who rose upon his management and thrived upon his methods.

Mayor Harrison's appointment of Frank O'Neil to the chiefship of the Chicago police "started things." It inaugurated a war between the titular head of the department

and the hitherto "actual" head—Captain Luke Colleran, Chief of Detectives. Colleran resented the irresistible and insatiable honesty of O'Neil. Bobby Burke was his friend and the "Maker" of Harrison. Therefore the Chief of Detectives thought he had a right and an assurance to "stop" O'Neil. At the end of his local rope and keenly ambitious for higher honors, Mayor Harrison stuck to his scheme of going out of municipal politics in a blaze of civic glory. Therefore he told Colleran and his patron Saint Bobby to "go to." They have "gone to" with the inveterate aid of the irreproachable Chief of Police and they are likely to keep going till they, or some of them, arrive at the battlements of Joliet. It is such a fight as St. Louis should have witnessed in the brave days when "Uncle Henry" and that famous missing check, missing books and missing revenues made the municipal government and especially the Collector's office a combination stench that helped to put the town in bad odor with the world at large. Meanwhile, keen observers are of the opinion that John P. Hopkins, the "World's Fair Mayor" of Chicago, is back of these grand-jury indictments. There are many people who believe that John P., the Apollo of Chicago politics, is not as "straight" as a dog's hind leg. Having been Mayor, he knows the possibilities. Indeed, he is credited with knowing them so well that some of the franchises granted during his incumbency are now listed among his million-dollar assets. However that may be, he is an Irish Corsican and Carter H. Harrison is his avowed prey. What he has had to do with the indictment of Bobby Burke and the coincident "embarrassment" of Harrison will develop in time. The gold Democrats, the anti-Harrison malcontents and the haters of the eleventh-hour administration of Chicago are unanimous in the opinion that this final "wallop" at the Harrison career of triumph is John Patrick Hopkins' doing, his coup de grace, his "Bingerino." Certainly it looks a little drab for the Mayor, and strange as it may seem, he is refusing to be interviewed upon the eclipse of his star appointee and leader.

Readers of the MIRROR who remember anything of the sinister career of Alexander Sullivan, Land Leaguer, Cla-na-Gael, Republican spell-binder, slayer of Professor Hanford, suspect in the Cronin murder and attorney for the West Chicago Street Railway, will be interested to know that he, too, has been indicted by the October Grand Jury for no less a crime than jury-bribing. Bailiff Lynch, who volunteered the information upon which Sullivan was indicted, says that at the time of his flight from Chicago he was impelled by threats of the same fate which overtook Doctor Cronin. Lynch was a go-between for the attorney of the street railway to the jury-men who were trying damage cases against the road. Dan Coughlin, the giant detective, who served part of his term for the murder of Cronin, was implicated with Lynch two years ago in a similar charge of bribing jurors. Alexander Sullivan, at that time, was attorney for the railway. Coughlin fled the town and was shadowed over half the continent. Sullivan remained at home, immune.

And this reminds me of a story that I have never seen in print. In the old days when Dr. Cronin (you remember he lived in St. Louis for a long time,) first began to suspect Alexander Sullivan of "diverting" the resources of the Land League, he at once began a system of thorough espionage upon the then redoubtable lawyer. At great expense and with much toil he collected a vast quantity of written evidence all tending to show that Sullivan was not only a traitor to the Irish cause, but was profiting financially by the revenues of the League.

I had been introduced to Dr. Cronin the same year by a letter from the late Dr. Thomas O'Reilly, of St. Louis, and we were pretty good friends. Cronin, when all is said and written, was not a very safe judge of men, but he was in earnest in his efforts to prove that Alexander Sullivan was robbing the Land League. I was living in the old Shelburne Hotel, Chicago avenue and State street, when Cronin's home on Clark street was burned. He had been living in a flat over Conkling's saloon and all his books and documents were in his rooms. Conkling was a land leaguer and a friend of Sullivan and his place was then a sort of rendezvous for the Clan-na-Gael. Cronin told me that his place had been burned and intimated that his Irish enemies—the friends of Sullivan—had been the authors of the fire. The doctor said that their purpose was to destroy the evidence he had accumulated against Sullivan. A few days later, I, among a score of other of his friends, received stereotyped letters in which Cronin predicted that he



would be made the victim of a murderous plot. "I will not stop this investigation," he wrote, "till I have proved my contention that Sullivan and his henchmen are guilty of all that I have charged." I was in St. Louis when Cronin's body was found in the catch-basin. Alexander Sullivan was arrested, charged with complicity in the crime, but as everybody knows, he never came to trial, was released for "lack of evidence." At that time his two trials for the murder of Hanford were fresh in the public mind. Since the fading of the Cronin tragedy he has lost political prestige, social standing and popularity, but his acumen and rare knowledge of the weaknesses of men have won for him such positions as that which enabled him to defend the great street railway companies against damage suits of all sorts. How well he has used his matchless gifts may be shown in the progress of the coming trial in which he is charged with attempting by bribery to defeat the ends of justice. If he is found guilty it will be the first of a dozen times in which he has been face to face with the gravest accusations and has failed to defeat the prosecutor.

When it is remembered that the indictments found by the October Grand Jury against Robert E. Burke, Alexander Sullivan and a dozen others high in the political and professional life of Chicago, carry in their charges accusations that bear heavily upon the history of the city for the past dozen years, one cannot but be deeply impressed with the idea that the growing power of education, the accelerating might of civic decency and popular righteousness is becoming sufficient to go back into the past for a decade at least to the ultimate purpose that the law is paramount and the people, regardless of parties and cliques, must finally dominate in this country.

### FLORISSANT VALLEY IN AUTUMN.

BY RUSHMORE B. HEED.

THERE is no prettier spot on earth than the Florissant Valley in Autumn. It typifies and embodies the varied beauties of the whole beautiful State of Missouri. A ride through the valley to the hamlet of Florissant some time during the next few weeks will awaken all there is of Wordsworth in any man. The trees are in gorgeous raiment and the hard frosts of early Winter have not yet blighted the mellowness of the fields and made them bleak and dingy, and like a spell over all is the veiled and tender glamour of Indian Summer.

It is an ideally beautiful farming country, hill and dale, neither monotonously level nor wildly broken. Forest, meadow and cultivated field vary the landscape and blend harmoniously in the general prospect. The woods at this season are billows of splendor, the scarlet of the maples and red oaks, the golden yellow of the walnuts and cottonwoods, the sober brown of the sycamores and white oaks and the green of the elms and other hardy northern trees all mass in a stupendous color-scheme. The meadows and pastures are flecked with brilliant, many-colored flowers, and all the lowlands are glowing with the waving, lambent yellow of the golden-rod. The tilled fields are a vision of bounteous plenty, with their neat stacks of straw and fat, regular shocks of corn, and among them and scattered through the stubble 'round about them in prodigal profusion are great, golden pumpkins, true type and emblem of the harvest season. And in the orchards the "motherly old apple trees" are heavy-laden with their luscious burden.

But the stately manor houses are the crowning feature of the valley. Their generous, hospitable appearance speaks with a seductive eloquence to the weary city man of a life so different to his own.

There is a convent near the village of Florissant, and the solemn, soothing tones of its bells float like a benediction through the still air and over the valley.

And over all, and pervading and permeating all is the dreamy, languorous sense of Indian Summer, its mellowing, gray-blue haze softening all the outlines with a gentle, nebulous radiance like a halo—the distinctive, ineffable, mystic charm of Indian Summer. Surely a beneficent providence gave us in compensation for the siroccos of Summer and the blizzards of Winter this clear, serene and mildly melancholy intervening season. The dumb brutes seem as susceptible as their masters to its subtle charm. The cattle are drowsier, the farm dogs lazier, the chickens scratch and wander about more listlessly, and even the

notes of the birds seem thinner and more subdued than in more vigorous seasons.

It was a stranger to our Indian Summer who unconsciously embodied the charm and spirit of it in his lines:—

"a land  
In which it seemed always afternoon."

### SIR RICHARD CALMADY.

A STRONG NEW NOVEL BY LUCAS MALET.

THE great talent of Lucas Malet, first fully revealed in "Colonel Enderby's Wife," has of late years been exercised with results hardly proportioned to her rich and manifold endowments. In "Sir Richard Calmady" she has abandoned her excursions into the bizarre, and given us what is probably the ripest fruit of her genius. The canvas is large, almost panoramic, peopled with a multitude of well-contrasted figures, and illustrates the life history—the action extends from first to last over a period of thirty years—of a hero perhaps more cruelly handicapped for the race of life than any other representative of the *beau rôle* to be encountered in the range of modern fiction. For the curse of the *Calmadys*, a curse which came home to roost regularly, generation after generation, is finally lifted, in fulfilment of a prophetic jingle, by the advent of an heir half angel, half monster. The cardinal episode of the narrative, we may note, raises in an acute form the whole question of "maternal impressions," and assumes, for the purposes of the plot, the possibility of a casual connection between a specific injury to a father and the physical development of his unborn son. The intrusion of the mysteries of gynecology into a work of fiction will seem to many out of place, if not gratuitous, though quite in keeping with the modern view that there are no limits to the subject-matter available to the novelist. Still, while we hold that the legitimacy of the choice is gravely open to question, there can be no doubt as to the impressiveness, the seriousness, and the poignancy with which Lucas Malet has developed a greswome theme. For by the irony of fate *Richard Calmady*, though in the literal or physical sense only half a hero, is liberally endowed with precisely the qualities that would have won for him distinction in a life of action. As a child, girl round as he is by the vigilant care of his mother, and even up to the time of his leaving the University, the consciousness of all that his disabilities mean for himself and those with whom he is casually brought in contact, though now and then rudely and painfully awakened, brings him no abiding mental anguish. That comes with his entry into the wider world, and leads him into an acute phase of revolt, in which, resolved to be avenged on an unjust Providence—as though God acted on the lines of *Le roi s'amuse*—he determines, in his own words, to have just all that his money, his position, and even his deformity can bring him of pleasure and notoriety. And this, the Venusberg phase of his existence, is traced with the same relentless logic that has marked the earlier chapters of the story. In the long run, seared in soul as well as maimed in body, he wins his way into the haven of domestic peace, thanks partly to the ultimate triumph of the nobler side of his nature, but chiefly to the inexhaustible devotion of his mother, in whom Lucas Malet has given a picture of maternal love by turns tender and terrible. On the other hand, in his cousin *Helen* we have a realistic portrait of the eternal enchantress, the *Belle Dame sans Merci*, the Venus of the Venusberg, whose baleful sorceries bring *Richard* to the nadir of his fortunes. The book has so many of the elements of greatness—in its admirable presentation of the sum total of the heritage of a great English squire, in its portraiture, by turns mordant and sympathetic, of aristocrat and bourgeois, priest and man of pleasure, in its poetic appreciation of the amenities of country life and the beauties of the English landscape—that one cannot help regretting that the author should have succumbed to the temptation to make artistic capital out of a situation so abnormal as to be, if not inconceivable, at least extremely improbable. Classic tragedy affords a precedent for achieving the cathartic aim by the spectacle of a blind hero. For the hero deformed from birth, and driven by the sense of his deformity into an attitude of revolt, there is no parallel, and in our view no adequate justification, for the annals of real life have shown that where great mental ability has been combined with great physical drawbacks, the temper of resentment, defiance, and rebellion has been conspicuously absent.

### THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

BY MRS. L. H. HARRIS.

EVERY man born in the South is an incipient hero. He has within him the bellows of inspiration and the disposition to dare. All he needs is time and the occasion to prove himself. And if he fails of success in life he does so only on account of a lack of battlefield opportunities. The Southern temperament is military, but not secular, and it does not include either enterprise or energy. The most we inherit from our ancestors is courage and fine traditions. For the rest, heretofore, we have depended on the climate and the mercies of God.

Thus it happened that when the Southern soldier grappled with the realities of life after the war, he was embarrassed and mortified to a degree never experienced before the guns of the Union army. There was nothing in the record of his fathers to prepare him for the change from the epic of battlefields to the prose of poverty and economy. But he held his peace with admirable fortitude, set himself to the hard task of reconstructing his ideals, and more particularly, to arrange properly for the political significance of his former slaves. For thirty years he toiled and blasphemed in grim silence, casting now and then a look of humorous contempt across the line as he defeated some Northern plan for black citizenship in the South.

But since his sons have assumed the burdens of life and proved themselves so capable, with their "grandfather clauses," of holding the reins of government securely, the old veteran feels that he can trust their prudence and take a holiday. He is beginning to live with reference to "reunions." The red scars of his wounds have grown white with the passing years, and the garrulity of a pleasant old age is upon him. Occasionally now he meets with the gray remnants of his regiment in some Southern city to "celebrate" and explain again each to each those defeats of the Confederate forces (which somehow redound every year more and more to the honor and glory of the Confederacy,) and above all, to overshadow with shrewd criticism the few Federal victories, till, in the course of time, these brave old Hotspurs will be at a loss to account for their own overwhelming military misfortunes.

The Confederate veteran has a power of presence, a little grotesque at times, but always unmistakably self-assertive. One evening, immediately after the reunion in Memphis this summer, an old soldier hobbled from the train to the door of the waiting-room under the car shed at Atlanta. One leg was "bowed" and the other was "made out" from the knee with a phenomenally straight "peg." He wore a number of badges and streamers denoting various degrees of fictitious importance. There was a hilariously red flush on each grizzled cheek, and a general suggestion of enthusiasm about him which might have terminated in the "rebel yell" then and there had he not sighted a Yankee drummer, who appeared to be outrageously oblivious of his presence. He stumped fiercely across the intervening space, and, being seated, stretched out the hickory "peg" and his old warped winter leg side by side, he thus addressed the unconscious object of his wrath:

"I walked all the way from Richmond in the spring of '65 a-looking this way!"

Immediately aroused to the delicacy of the situation, the traveling man bent a gaze of admiration upon the legs of the veteran and murmured a comment in which diplomacy and compassion blended. There was a moment of forgiving silence; then the old soldier lifted a pair of warm, leering eyes to the stranger's face and asked graciously:

"Whose division was your pa in, mister?" and upon hearing the reply exclaimed: "We fit them fellows in the Wilderness, and there's where I left that other leg of mine!"

The drummer removed his hat, clasped the veteran's hand; there was an exchange of winks, and the two went out arm in arm to "celebrate" another "reunion." This is the Confederate veteran after nearly forty years. He is open to admiration, and has reached that stage of milk and kindness where he can forgive even his enemies.

He has always had the oratorical mind, and a liberty of expression which far exceeds the average man's knowledge



of facts. Politically, he still retains his monarchical instincts, and is determined to govern according to the power he has, rather than with the didactic precision of a theory. He comes of a race whose passion was to rule; and it is still a passion so strong in him as to outweigh any sentimental notions held by other people concerning justice and liberty. The fact is that embarrassing circumstances connected with the reconstruction period in the South just after the war gave a studious slant to his ideas of equity and justice.

He is a free agent of his own salvation in spite of all defeats, somewhat limited and predestined morally, but holding to worthy convictions, honest prejudices and noble sentiments, for which he is qualified by nature to fight or die. He believes emphatically in his own ultimate good intentions, and has fewer scruples than most men. Occasionally through the rainbow hues of his gallant nature the gorgon head of some naked old virtue stares grim and terrible. But for the most part he holds these essentials of character politely concealed. And whenever circumstances have compelled him to retreat upon them, the enemy who follows him first counts his hosts; for when a Southern man, old or young, takes refuge in his virtues, he is a general in his last ditch, and is well nigh invincible. He takes the Old Testament view of life then and reckons upon the angels of God to fight with him.

He has martial notions of heaven, and, spiritually speaking, he is strategic to an extraordinary degree. In spite of much inward frailty and outward temptations he is continually maneuvering toward heaven, dodging his own sins and covering his retreats with eloquent prayers; for he has the "gift of prayer," and a faith that tilts up to God as naturally and unquestioningly as any child's. And while his ethical quality rarely improves, his eternal hopes multiply day by day, so that in the end no man dies more triumphantly sure of the grace of God.

From the N. Y. Independent.



## A PLEA FOR CONTENT ON EARTH.

BY VIOLET FANE.

### I.

KNOW this world of many mysteries;—  
The drifting and the dragging of its days,  
As joy or sorrow urges or delays  
The wings of Time, with all that underlies  
Fair-spoken words and formal courtesies;  
—I know that all here withers and decays,  
False friend that smites, false lover that betrays,  
And, sadder still, how even true love dies!  
—Yet, in despite of all these ills, for me  
My home is on this planet of my birth,  
The sights whereof mine eyes were formed to see  
And, howso faultily, appraise their worth,  
And when my days are number'd, I shall be  
Content to mingle with its flow'r-strewn earth.

### II.

For when this life is ended, who can tell  
Whither our spirits journey? To what shore,  
—Serene, or tempest-swept,—as this, of yore,  
Where fierce conflicting influences dwell,  
Or whether, in fair fields of asphodel,  
Each with the chosen friends of heretofore,  
We still may take our pleasure? Evermore  
In sweet content, afraid of no farewell?  
This who may say, or if the "you" and "I"  
Whose earthly sojourn will have ended soon,  
As such shall re-awaken when we die?  
Behold this very rose of pulsing June;—  
—Will this same flow'r re-blossom by and by?  
The lyre once shatter'd, whither wends the tune?

### III.

"Lay not up treasures here," the Preacher cries;  
Yet, since we know that all things fall to dust,  
—That thieves break thro' and steal, whilst moth and rust  
Corrupt and tarnish, surely should the wise  
Guard what they cherish with more jealous eyes?  
—Shall I prize less the one I love and trust  
Because I know that sever soon we must  
In spite of clinging hearts and memories?  
Nay, is it not this same incertitude,

This mutability of earthly things,  
That sends a note of sad solicitude  
Vibrating thro' our being, and which brings  
The proud and mighty to a meeker mood  
Under the shadow of Death's widening wings?

### IV.

The poor are ever with us in the land;  
—As in the old time, even are they now,  
Nor need we monkish cowl, or sterile vow,  
Or dreary death-in-life by bigots plann'd  
To do the good work underneath our hand  
With cloudless conscience and uplifted brow,  
And should we fail, the One to whom I bow  
I feel will both forgive and understand.  
Wherefore I would not waste my breath to ask  
Why Good with Evil is thus interblent  
Here on the Earth, believing that my task  
Is rather to acquire a calm content  
Than strive, in vain, to tear aside the mask  
Shrouding a great Creator's wise intent.

### V.

For this round globe, suspended thus, in space,  
Is mother, home, and country, all in one;  
T'was here that first I look'd upon the sun  
And took my stand in the unequal race,  
Unequal and uncertain, which God's grace  
For all my weakness gave me strength to run,  
And (greatest boon, beyond comparison!)  
The one I lov'd had here his dwelling-place!  
So, Earth, green Earth! where deeds of high emprise  
Have been achiev'd, I love not those who see  
Only thine imperfections, in whose eyes  
Evil reigns paramount, since each is free  
To seek his own ideal, whence to rise  
To better things, if better things there be!

### VI.

And if there be not, unto whom the blame?  
—For whom the gain or loss? To empty sky  
Shall dumb grey ashes find the voice to cry?  
Shall martyr'd men, who died by sword or flame,  
Arise in wrath, or hang their heads for shame,  
That their one life was forfeit for a lie?  
—Nay, that they deem'd the soul should live or die,  
Once it be dead indeed, were all the same!  
—But Life is Life, for some to have and hold  
From budding-time until the last red leaf  
Quivers aloft, and the rich cornfield's gold  
Is bound together in the tented sheaf,  
And why should those that shrink from Winter's cold  
Love less the Summer that her days are brief?

### VII.

Who knows if it were even well to strive  
And beat our wings against a flickering light?  
—To strain to this or that untrodden height,  
Subduing all the best we have to give  
Towards those primal forces that survive  
And ever have the mast'ry in the fight?  
—What if our keenest impulse be the right?  
—What if our noblest mission is, to live  
And be ourselves, in spite of all reproof,  
Taking as mandate of a deathless law  
Our strongest bias, for a sign and proof  
Of where abides the force from which to draw,  
Even as one who weaving web and woof  
Should choose the stoutest strand without a flaw?

### VIII.

To live, to love, to labor and endure;  
To seek for Wisdom, tho' we may not know  
What pow'r compels the meanest weed to grow;  
To dwell in fellowship with rich and poor;  
Keep the pure mind within the body pure,  
And act uprightly toward friend and foe;  
May we not thus find solace here below  
Despite of all whereof we are not sure?  
—Sure were we, once, of summer-time and youth,  
Scent of the May, and murmur of the dove;  
—Sure that the skies that now grow grey in sooth,  
Beam'd bright in blue expectancy above;  
Pilate, condemning Christ, asked "What is truth?"  
Shall we, too, question, who knew Hope and Love?

### IX.

Take rather what we find beneath our hand  
Wherewith to weave and fashion what we will,  
According as the inspiration-thrill  
Directs us to the task by Nature plann'd;  
And as we further what is good and grand  
With best endeavor and apportion'd skill,  
Do we our mission worthily fulfil  
And to the end of all our work shall stand,  
And make for Happiness, and make for Peace,  
And Light and Beauty! Then, without regret,  
May we await the ultimate release  
From suffering and sorrow, fume and fret;  
—Behold the glories of our triumph cease,  
Or see the sun of our contentment set.

From Literature.



## ANARCHY'S POET-PHILOSOPHER.

BY FRANCIS A. HUTER.

MORE than a year has passed since Friedrich Nietzsche, the apostle of atheism, discontent and anarchy, closed his weary eyes forever. The long controversy about his personality and the value of his works continues. Volumes have been and will be written regarding his system of philosophy and ideals. The consensus of enlightened opinion is that Nietzsche was more of a poet than thinker; that his ideals are impracticable; that his reasoning is fallacious, and that his writings appeal principally to those who possess nothing and envy the industrious and thrifty.

The anarchists look up to him as the prophet of a new era of mankind, when brutal force will have the upperhand; when possessors will be dispossessed; when gods will be dethroned, and unrestrained human instinct lay down a new Decalogue. Nietzsche would never have obtained such popularity if his writings had not appeared at a time when nations were beginning to expand, to conceive new ideas of politics, and aspiring to become world-powers. He was the mouthpiece of the *Zeitgeist*. Dissatisfaction with old, obsolete conditions; the seeming conflict between science and religion; the growth of democracy, and the creed of evolution prepared the ground for *Zarathustra*. Nietzsche was essentially a representative of the last forty years of the nineteenth century, with his vague ideal of an *Uebermensch* (a word that has never been properly translated into English), his rhapsodical longings and hopes, and his unquenchable desire for a new state of things.

The works of Nietzsche are a curious mixture of poetry, philosophy, history and sociology. There is nothing certain, well-defined or tangible in them. They are saturated with a terrifying, diseased hatred of mankind as it exists. Nietzsche is a modern Borgia, an intensified Machiavelli. His instincts are bloody and brutal, in spite of the classical beauty and music of his wonderful diction. His theories are of a peculiar fascination to a certain class of people, to the mentally unbalanced, to paranoiacs, just as Wagner's opera "Tristan and Isolde" makes a most powerful impression on those who are afflicted with erotomania.

Nietzsche's is assassin morality. His *Uebermensch* is the incarnation of brutality and selfishness, a blending of a Cesare Borgia and Napoleon Bonaparte. His writings form a Napoleon symphony, *thema con variatione*. Napoleon, the great Corsican, was the ideal of this decadent philosopher. Napoleon's record and aims at an overthrow of European governments had an intoxicating influence on Nietzsche.

It is generally assumed that the writings of Arthur Schopenhauer laid the foundation for Nietzsche's theories. This assumption, however, is ill-founded. The sage of Frankfort was in favor of law and government; he hated socialists and revolutions. His pessimism is optimistic, compared with that of his supposed disciple. The pessimism of Nietzsche is unrelieved, black and despairing.

We know that the *Uebermensch* is an iridescent dream. If he could be realized, he would be a scoundrel and a murderer. Our ideal of a gentleman is undoubtedly much to be preferred to Nietzsche's *Uebermensch*. The modern gentleman is kind, courteous, charitable and unselfish. He has a strict regard for honesty, sympathy for the poor and suffering, and respect for women and old age. He will have self-respect, and, to use Hamlet's words, "takes fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks." What Nietzsche calls *Uebermensch* would, in



## The Mirror

former times, have been known as brute, yokel and hog. The gentleman is brave, when circumstances require it, and in behalf of a good cause. The Germans gave us the type of a true gentleman in Von Moltke; the British in Gladstone. We Americans have it in William McKinley.

In the steady progress of human society we need the gentleman, not the *Uebermensch*. The former knows neither slave nor master. He is perfectly willing to give an equal chance to everybody. Our civilization is based on individualism; modern man is an evolution; he follows the moral law as it is implanted in his heart, because he instinctively knows it is right.

The teachings and maxims of Nietzsche are impracticable; they cannot be applied to life as it is, has been and will be; they are, therefore, devoid of truth or value. They are the outpourings of a diseased, crippled mind; they are maniacal. There may be infinite sadness and beauty in the rhapsodical utterances of Zarathustra. One may temporarily succumb to the enchanting words, the alluring visions of the sorcerer, but only temporarily. Our sound common sense will soon reassert itself, and tell us that the true conception of ourselves and life is to be found elsewhere, is to be found in the immortal words of the Great Nazarene and the epistles of St. Paul.

### AUTUMNAL.

BY WILBUR UNDERWOOD.

**A**WET wind sweeps the sky and sways  
The mournful cedars on the knoll;  
Like mist blown up from hollow ways  
The lonely twilight of the soul

Falls on my life, as darkness falls,  
With shrouding peace through all the air;  
And bowed within these silent halls  
I suddenly am grown aware

Of all the helpless thought that strives  
To pierce to some far-hidden goal—  
The weary tears in human lives,  
The mortal griefs that touch the soul.

### THE DREGS OF THE CUP.

BY WILLIAM JAMES COFFIN.

**H**E sat at his desk, his head resting on his arms and a weight of unutterable bitterness in his soul. Before him were two letters. One was from his father and one was from a girl. A cruel chance had brought them to him in the same mail. They were not nice letters and he had not enjoyed reading them. His father's was very short. It said:

"You have chosen to like everything which your home training and influence should have taught you to abhor. You have chosen to drift away from and ignore my lessons. You have chosen vile men and women for your companions. In short, you have done everything that common decency and filial obedience forbade. This is to let you know that you are no longer my son. In your future life you must look to yourself. You will get no help from your mother or me. Your allowance will be stopped at once, and I wish never to see you in my house again."

The girl's letter was still shorter.

"I loved you and I trusted you. My confidence was perfect. I cannot think how you—you of all men—could have sunk so low." Was it kind of you to keep silence and let me think myself engaged to the creature you have become? I pray God that I shall never see you again."

The boy read and reread these letters, and at every reading the iron sank deeper into his soul. There was justice in each rebuke and he knew it, although in his unenlightened mind he could not see why his punishment must be so bitter. He had only done what the rest of the fellows were doing. He had held his pace until his money gave out, and then had waited for the first of the month and his check from home. His deeds were not criminal. They were no worse than those of his companions. In truth, he was, if anything, better than they. He had been called a prig, and on one occasion a "sissy" for his squeamishness.

He was no worse than any one else. And why should

he be punished? Yet his punishment had come; a cruel, unjust punishment, he thought.

In his poor foolish brain there was but one idea. His life was over. He looked back upon the twenty-three years he had spent on earth and confessed to himself that he had made a miserable botch of living. He began to reason out his situation. His father and mother had cast him off. The one girl on earth of whom he could think decent thoughts had done the same. He was destitute. He had no money, nor had he the earning capacity. A liberal allowance had led to years of indiscretion; the consciousness of his father's wealth and the knowledge that he would never be compelled to work for his living had engendered habits of laziness. He was mentally incapable of concentrating himself and physically lacking the stamina necessary for work. He realized that if thrown upon his own resources and compelled to earn his own living, he would be helpless. He drew the loose change from his pockets and counted it. Thirteen dollars. In three days the first of the month would come, and with it bills innumerable. He could not even pay his room rent. He would have to give up his rooms. He would lose his furniture, his books and all the precious knick-knacks that he had gathered around him.

He began to review his transgressions, trying to look at them impartially and trying to decide whether, in the sight of God and man, his punishment was equitable. In the heat of his self-argument and the agony of his repentance he misjudged himself, making his peccadilloes crimes and his crimes imperishable sins. Then he tried to think of his redeeming qualities, but they were such misty, intangible things that he gave it up, and concluded that he was all bad—a child of sin, a moral leper, with no future and no past—a thing apart from the world and having no place in it.

When he had reasoned thus far, the right and the wrong of the case were hopelessly muddled in his brain. He could not see the points of consideration to which he was entitled, nor the injustice of his father's hasty judgment, nor could he read between the lines of his sweetheart's letter and note the theatrical joy with which she had welcomed the opportunity of writing such a tragic note. "Just like a novel," she had said.

He only saw himself in the light of his father's displeasure and his own relentless conscience. And he was so unhappy and so distressed in mind and body that there appeared to him but one way of ending his trouble, and that was by ending himself; by resigning the unequal contest with time and taking up his struggle with eternity.

He sat at his desk a long time thinking it all out. At length, when he straightened up and stretched his cramped arms, he had made up his mind.

Opening a drawer of his desk he took out a pile of letters, which he tossed into the empty grate and set on fire. They burned slowly, and he turned them over and over with the poker to let air in and aid combustion. Every now and then the flames would light up a letter and bring some phrase into view. He could not help watching for these illuminations and reading stray sentences, although every word that he was able to decipher made him wince. The letters were almost consumed when he reached up to the mantle and took down a photograph of a coarse-looking girl with a damnable dedication written across its back. He threw this in with the letters.

When the pile of ashes in the grate informed him that his work was done, he went to his bureau and took from a drawer an ominous-looking blued steel revolver, with five greasy, leaden messengers of destruction peering from its cylinders.

He sat down in an arm-chair and put the revolver to his temple. The small circle of steel against his flesh gave him an eerie feeling. He removed it, put the barrel in his mouth, trying to think what his sensations would be as the bullet crashed through his brain and spattered gray matter on the walls and ceiling. Then he put the revolver down and decided that death by a pistol ball, though instantaneous and probably painless, was not neat, and he wanted to look neat when they found him.

He thought of chloroform. He had been under its influence once, and the recollection of its sickening, choking odor came to him with disagreeable vividness. No, chloroform would not do. He had heard that prussic acid was the quickest and deadliest poison of all, but he had none.

It seemed an easy thing to take life, yet he was not find-

ing it so easy, after all. Seneca and some of the other victims of Nero opened their veins and died in a hot bath. He almost decided on that, but he put away the idea when he thought of the shock to the person's feelings who would see him lying there in the discolored bath tub, half covered with bloody water.

It was late at night and he was brain-weary with so much worrying. Half unconsciously he commenced to undress, all the time trying to decide the question of how to kill himself. When he absent-mindedly crawled into bed he was still in doubt, and before he had come to any satisfactory conclusion he fell asleep.

From Truth.

### BACK TO THE SOIL.

ELECTRICITY FOSTERING COUNTRY LIFE.

**W**E have heard a great deal in the past ten or fifteen years of the drift of people to the cities, and sociologists have been proclaiming loudly that our only salvation lies in going back to the soil. Well, we are going back to the soil, but not through any effort of the sociologists and economic reformers; rather through the result of developments in one branch of mechanics—electricity. The MIRROR has insisted, editorially, for a long time that the drift to the cities was not so great a drift as many imagined, that the cities were reaching out into the country fully as much as the people were tending towards the towns. The MIRROR believes that this distribution of population, by the extension of communication and traction by electricity, is going to modify the land question. That is, city real estate is not going to be so high, save in small sections, as it has been in the past. Residence property in the suburbs will be kept down to normal figures by the mere fact that the home-builder can always go a few minutes further than the fashionable suburbs and find cheaper land. The *Electrical Review* finds, by a study of the census statistics, that the rate of increase of our larger cities is becoming less, and that the swelling ratio of urban population is due to the enlargement of city boundaries and the absorption of suburban districts. If these be disregarded, it asserts, the rate of increase of population in denser centers has become less. The reason for this is found by the writer in the general extension of the applications of electricity.

"The trolley-car has been perhaps the largest agent in the redistribution of population, making it possible for the people who work in the crowded districts of cities to live at considerable distances away and enjoy the very great advantages of suburban life. This is particularly noticeable in cities of the intermediate size. Twenty years ago cities of the second class were much condensed in area, for the reason that practically every one walked to and from his place of work, and for this reason the residence areas crowded upon the business districts as closely as possible. The horse-car of those days was at best a poor thing, and it was not until the coming of the swifter trolley that it was possible for the ordinary man of business or laborer to live more than half a mile, or such a matter, from the scene of his daily task. To-day all this is changed, and, as a consequence, the residence district in all such cities has vastly extended, and people not uncommonly live anywhere from ten to twenty miles away from their places of business.

"To double the radius of a city means to increase its area four times. The trolley, by its duplication and tripling of the city radius, has enabled very large territories to be included in the suburban districts of towns, with the result that houses have plenty of room around them, the people are no longer compelled to live close together, and to this degree a very important social revolution has been wrought, and, indeed, is still in process of extension. No one can deny the benefits of a freer life and the immense social sanitary and other advantages which have followed the introduction of the trolley-car, and the subsequent extension of residence neighborhoods.

"But another agency has not been idle. The principal objection to country life has been its loneliness and the absence of those conveniences which differentiate the city house from the country residence. The loneliness, by which is meant the lack of intercourse with neighbors, has been in a great degree removed by the telephone. Perhaps the best work that the independent telephone movement has accomplished has been the popularization of the



# Suagents

## FITTING THE FACE A Story of Millinery Making



HE artistic ability, or the knack, (call it either, as suits you,) of putting together different sorts of cloths, flowers, plumes, ornaments, etc., of such colors and such shapes as best to suit the different faces, complexions and all the other individual characteristics is an art that is too often underrated.

The milliner who first devised the Gainsboro Hat deserved just as much credit for the celebrated portrait as the artist whose painting forever gave his name to that style of hat.

The cut shows a new hat that is probably more handsome in many respects, and certainly better adapted to the majority of women, than even the famous Gainsboro. It is called, simply, after its color scheme, "Blanc et Noir," and certainly no such smart, dashing hat in pure black and white has been seen in many a long year. The effect is heightened by a black or a white feather boa. By the way, feather boas are "the" thing in New York, some ladies having a different color to match each costume.



telephone and its introduction at low rates into sparsely settled neighborhoods, thus removing the bugbear of isolation which has been so long the complaint of the rural resident. But the telephone has done more for those living in the country and in the country districts surrounding cities than to furnish them a means for social conversation. It has proved itself a very practical and valuable addition to the farmer's means for making a living. By putting him in immediate touch with his markets, whether for selling or for buying, it enables him to conduct his business in a much more businesslike way than formerly, when the isolated gardener or truckman loaded his vehicle in the early hours of the morning with the produce of his fields, and drove to town without the slightest idea of what he would receive for it, or whether he could sell it at all.

"With the telephone nullifying the isolation of the country districts, and trolley-car providing quick and inexpensive means of transit, the suburbs have become, in a sense, part of the town. It is no longer a case of *rus in urbe*, but rather the reverse; for the town has gone into the country and carried with it those two important agencies, while not far behind comes the electric light, making at once more pleasant and more safe the highways and lanes of the country districts.

"While isolation was annoying under the older régime, it also had its dangers on account of the exposure of valuable property in suburban districts to the attacks of those who prowl by night. Everybody knows that one arc-light is as good as two policemen, and thus the extension of electric light in the suburban districts has made them better places of residence in two distinct ways."

It is the belief of the writer that these changes may be only the beginning of greater ones that are inevitably due to the extension of communication by electricity, and that cities, as now understood, may at some future time disappear as places of residence, owing to the redistribution of population in a more sanitary and altogether more desirable way. It is certain that the man in the country is not at any such disadvantage as he was, compared with his city brother, ten years ago. Fast mails, the extension of free rural delivery, the good roads movement, the traveling

library, the application of electricity to farm machinery, the establishment of a parcels post—all such things are gradually bringing the former into close touch with affairs and leaving him at the same time with the advantage of the better air and calmer surroundings of the country.



### A MODERN LOVE STORY.

CUPID AND PUMPKIN CONSOLIDATED.

"I LOVE you!"

This is the only way to begin a love story. Long-winded descriptions of the hero and heroine, or ornate accounts of what the landscape looked like, whether it snowed, hailed, rained, and which way the wind blew, were all well enough once, but the time has gone by for that. What we crave now is action, and something left to the imagination. So that when Pellington Piker said what he did say in our brilliant opening, he wasted no further words, but clasped to his clerkly breast the rich heiress whom two weeks before he had met at Dune-Dune-by-the-Sea, and whom he had tracked to her house—or rather palace—on upper Fifth Avenue.

"I know it," said Mildred Goldbonds, as she yielded swiftly to his loving embrace, "and I love you, but what are we to do? You are too poor even to think of supporting yourself in the style to which I have been accustomed, while I am rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and of course there is a wide gulf between us, and papa would scorn you, I know. But stay! I have an idea. He is even now in the next room, talking stocks. I will listen, and find out what is going up. Papa, as you know, is the head of eight railroad systems, and knows all about it. Do not move until I return."

It seemed hours to Pellington Piker, as he sat with his feet on the eight thousand-dollar rug and waited, but in reality it was only ten minutes before the girl he loved threw herself once more into his arms.

"Darling," she cried, "we are saved! Can you raise any money for margin?"

"I can mortgage my salary for two years ahead," said Pellington. "That will be a thousand dollars."

"Splendid!" replied Mildred. "I heard papa say that to-morrow they will push up Pumpkin Consolidated one hundred points. He said it was a snap, and the chance of a lifetime. We are saved!"

The next night at the same hour, Pellington Piker stood in the same room. But what a change was there, from the hopeful young man who had left her, to this pale, emaciated creature who took both of her hands in his and sobbed even as he spoke.

"It's all over, darling," he said. "I mortgaged my salary, pawned my few effects, borrowed all the little wealth of my aged mother, and put it in Pumpkin Consolidated, which dropped 200 points in two hours. I am ruined!"

At this moment Mildred's father entered the room.

"What's this I hear about Pumpkin Consolidated?" he said. "You haven't been playing that game, have you?"

His daughter with tears in her eyes, confessed all. "It was our only chance to get married, papa dear," she said, "as I knew you would never consent to a poor man. And I overheard what you said last night."

Her father smiled grimly.

"Why, I only did that," he said, "to get rid of my butler. He was getting too fresh on the tips he had heard from me and the money he had made, and I fired that off last night about Pumpkin Consolidated when he was around just to get rid of him. And to think you should have heard it! Ha! I said Pumpkin was going up. Poor fellow! How you must have been soaked."

"I lost everything," said Pellington Piker, bravely trying to smile.

"Never mind!" said the old man. "It was my fault, and I ought to make it up to you. Even a railroad magnate has a conscience. Be my office boy for six months and keep your ears open, and then you will be rich enough to marry my daughter."

All's well that ends well.

Tom Masson, in *New York Life*.

## SOME LOCAL QUERIES.

ISN'T it about time for the down-town store-keepers to take down their mourning? If not, had they not better put their mourning decorations in shape?

WHY is it that the most rickety, disreputable cars of the whole Transit Company service are the mail cars? They insult the United States.

WHO is getting the rake off from the gamblers and the "literary and social clubs" springing up all over town?

Is it true that only those are objecting to the big real estate deal for World's Fair purposes, north of Forest Park, who are not "in with" the scheme?

ARE not some of the recently elected reform Democrats construing reform to mean that they must place their relatives in subordinate positions in order to secure efficient public service?

CAN it possibly be true that Col. Ed. Butler actually coughed up \$5,000 to the House of Delegates combine in order to get the garbage bill fixed the way he wanted it?

How many World's Fair Directors are now in the cement business, since it has been determined that the World's Fair buildings shall be of cement?

Is it a fact that the Adler-Tilles-Cella racing syndicate and all their supporters, including experts in killing, have joined the Jefferson Club to smash the Butler Indians?

WILL Tom Barrett now nominate for Congress in the Eleventh District former Judge Bond of the Court of Appeals?

WHEN will the Suburban railroad be able to draw down the \$70,000 it put in the Lincoln Trust Company vaults to pass its bill prior to the dispute with the big lobbyist?

DID Governor Dockery call down the Chief of Police for his apparent favoritism to certain gambler-saloonist desperadoes?

WHAT will Excise Commissioner Seibert do about closing up the duly chartered clubs in which liquor is sold after one o'clock, especially when Tony Stuever is interested?

WASN'T that a funny story that unless the gamblers put up \$3,000 by twelve o'clock a certain day, the games would be exposed in the newspapers. And wasn't it funny that on the day named, there did appear a little item touching the matter lightly? And wasn't it funnier still that there appeared no item at all after the little item hinting that the locations of games were known?

Is Mayor Wells getting ready to remove Judge Sidener from the First District Police Court, and put Private Secretary McConkey in Sidener's place to "soak" the friends of the House of Delegates combine?

HAS the local Republican "outfit" yet found the man who is "next" to President Roosevelt and can tell him what's what and who's who in Missouri? Is not Mr. Kerens still "it" in spite of Mr. Akins' visit to the President?

WHAT truth is there in the tale that the

real head of the Police Department, in the matter of detail, is W. R. Faulkner?

DOES Ben Adkins, at present in the Water Commissioner's office, expect to succeed Mr. Flad because of his services against Mr. Flad with President Philipps of the Board of Public Improvements?

WHY are all the Indians so enthusiastic for the renomination and re-election of Judge Willis Clark to the Court of Criminal Corruption—I mean Correction?

WHAT did Charlie Jones do to ex-Chief of Police Campbell, in getting him out of office, to merit the appointment to the position of Smoke Inspector?

*The Inquisitive One.*

Mr. Chas. A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

## ODEON POPULAR CONCERTS.

Robyn's Sunday afternoons at the Odeon, so successful last season, were continued last Sunday. The "Pops" have lost none of their popularity, as a fine audience demonstrated. The first concert of the second season brought forward as soloists a big voiced basso, Mr. Leon Rains, who sang songs by Gottschalk and Allitsen, and Miss Marietta Bagly, a mezzo soprano, pleasantly remembered from last year.

Mr. Robyn played a popular overture on the fine Odeon organ, and in addition some shorter numbers, including a melodious "Berceuse" of his own composition.

A chorus of forty voices gave a commendable rendition of Mendelssohn's 42d Psalm. Miss Ora Lee Owen officiated at the organ, and Miss Luella Webb sang the solos in the cantata.

These concerts promise to become even more successful than they were last year, and the management seems to be making an effort to make them as attractive as possible. Mr. Clinton Elder and Mr. Harold Gordon are among the soloists announced for appearance in the near future.

Superfluous hairs, moles etc., permanently removed by Electrolysis. Electrical facial massage for wrinkles, pimples and flabby skin. Mrs. Myra Field, 347 Century Building. Branch of New York Office.

## WILD WESTERN LIFE.

There are going to be a number of new attractions at the Fair Grounds Sunday, October 13. Cowboys from the West will give exhibitions of lassoing wild cattle, also from the West. This will be unusually interesting as it is really a contest and all the zest of the genuine roping on the plains will be exhibited in endeavors to win the prize. The famous Frisco System Cowboy Band, which headed the procession at the inauguration of the late President, will be another strong feature, as will also the Roosevelt Rough Riders. The performance will commence promptly at 2 o'clock. Admission 25c.

Larry—"Bedad! Oi don't think much af this coal-oil exterminator for mosquitoes." Denny—"Yez don't?" Larry—"No; it takes too long to dip aich wan in th' oil separately." —Chicago News.

Following the  
Dissolution of  
Two Important  
Competitors,  
We have, in order  
to meet the demands  
of Our Increasing  
Business,

Enlarged Our Store Space,  
Enlarged Our Manufacturing  
Plant,  
Increased Our Force of Salesmen,  
Added an Up-to-Date Stationery  
Department,  
And Nearly Doubled the Size of  
Our Stock.

**J. Bolland Jewelry Co.,**

MERCANTILE CLUB BUILDING,

Seventh and Locust Streets.



A MILLS & AVERILL  
TAILOR "MAID."

**Ladies,**

Do We Make Your Tailor-Made Gowns,  
Golf Suits and Street Costumes?

Our Ladies' Tailoring Department is equipped to accomplish most satisfying results for women who are particular about their clothes. The woman who buys a Mills & Averill garment is absolutely assured of correctness in style, high-class fabric, and tailoring that will give long and satisfactory service.

POPULAR PRICES.

**Mills & Averill,**

Broadway and Pine.

## HOW BALZAC WORKED.

Balzac's method of work was as extraordinary as his habits. He wrote only by candle light. When engaged on a novel he would rise at 2 o'clock in the morning, and seat himself at his brilliantly lighted desk, with plenty of strong coffee within easy reach. He would at a sitting strike out a sketch of his plot and send this to the printer. It would be returned to him, a column or so of print on an immense margin. On this margin he would write dialogues, descriptions and characters, scrawling the paper over with all sorts of lines, marks, corrections and abbreviations. His copy looked as though a spider had escaped from an inkstand and traveled over it. This would again be sent to the printer, to be returned and scrawled over as before. And in this way he would continue until the novel was completed. He was the despair of compositors, who always bargained for just so much of Balzac in their "takes," and then at higher rates. It can easily be seen that this method of composition ate into the profits of his books most enormously, but he would compose in no other fashion. During

this time, too, he saw no one, took no exercise, ate but little and drank black coffee intemperately. Small wonder that when he emerged from his seclusion he looked as though he had been through an attack of illness. After this fashion the "Comedie Humaine" was written. But his health seemed indestructible, and for twenty-one years he toiled as men seldom toil and produced his masterpieces.

## BLOWING HIS OWN NOSE.

When George IV. was Prince Regent he visited Doncaster, and at the time His Royal Highness was suffering from a cold.

One day the Royal party were showing themselves to the people from a balcony.

"Which is the Prince? I must see the Prince!" cried an excited old Yorkshire woman, who had come to see the First Gentleman in Europe.

"That's him," said a bystander, pointing upwards, "him with a handkerchief in his hand."

"Him!" cried the old lady in profound contempt. "That the Prince! Why he blows his own nose!"



SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.  
Miss Nellie Griswold, has returned from the East.  
Miss Jeanne Capen is in the East with her family.  
Mr. and Mrs. Duthiel Cabanue are in New York City.  
Miss Florence Harrison and Mrs. Heminway are in Paris.  
Col. and Mrs. D. D. Wheeler will leave for San Francisco, Cal.  
Miss Georgia Lee Cunningham has returned from a visit to Buffalo.  
Mr. and Mrs. William Orthwein and Miss Espenhain are in Paris.  
Miss Bessie Drew will not return to the city until about October 18th.  
Mrs. William O. Gibson is entertaining Mrs. A. A. Ballau of Hannibal, Mo.  
Captain and Mrs. William R. Hodges have returned from their European tour.  
Mr. J. W. Allison and Miss Frances Allison are visiting the Buffalo Exposition.  
Mr. William Hyde and Miss Challie Benson returned last week from Colorado.  
Mrs. Felix Coste has returned home from a three months' visit in California.  
Dr. and Mrs. Herman D. Brandt have returned from a trip along the Eastern Coast.  
Mrs. George M. Wright and Miss Jessie Wright have returned from the East.  
Miss Louise Augustine made her debut as one of the maids of honor at the V. P. Ball.  
Dr. and Mrs. William J. Say are entertaining Mrs. G. Edgar Allen, of New York City.  
Mr. and Mrs. Ben Eisenman, accompanied by Miss Alice Eisenman, are in New York City.  
Mr. and Mrs. Claude Kilpatrick and the Misses Kilpatrick have returned from Europe.  
Mrs. Charles H. Turner and her son, Mr. Douglas Turner, have returned from New Haven.  
Mrs. Charles H. Turner and her son, Mr. Douglas Turner, have returned from New Haven.  
Judge and Mrs. Leroy Valliant, are entertaining their relative, Mrs. Caruth, from the South.  
Mrs. Fayette Ewing and her family have returned from a sojourn in the Tennessee mountains.  
Miss Belle Devlin has returned from a visit to Mrs. Rockwell and Miss Florence Rockwell, in New York.  
Mr. and Mrs. John W. Kauffman and the Misses Kauffman have returned from Harbor Point, Mich.  
Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Clifford have left Wequetonsing and gone to New York for a stay of several weeks.  
Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Lemp and their sister, Miss Josephine Lee, have returned from Magnolia Beach.  
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cabanne, who have been all summer with their family at Point Aux Barques, returned last week.  
Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Scudder entertained at dinner last Friday evening, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Hallet of New York.  
Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Whittemore and Miss Leigh Whittemore and Mr. and Mrs. Churchill Whittemore are at Hotel Berlin.  
Col. D. D. Johnson, accompanied by his wife and children, has taken apartments for the winter at the Grand Avenue Hotel.  
Mrs. Harry Elliot, of 3871 Washington boulevard, is entertaining Mrs. William Bidgood and Miss Deesbery, of Mobile, Alabama.  
Miss Ella Daughaday returned the early part of the week from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Tracy Drake, at their country place at Lake Geneva.  
Mr. and Mrs. William Bagnell, accompanied by their children and niece, Miss Nellie Bagnell, will arrive in St. Louis from Europe about the 16th.  
Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Handlan and their daughters have returned from the Northern lakes, and are located at the Usona Hotel on McPherson avenue.  
The marriage of Miss Zoe Noonan, eldest daughter of Ex-Mayor Noonan, to Mr. Guy E. Goltermann, took place on Wednesday, October 9th. The ceremony was performed at the old French church, in Florissant, in the presence of only immediate friends and relatives.  
The marriage of Miss Florence Rhodes and Mr. George Watson took place on Monday evening, at seven o'clock, at St. Mark's English Lutheran Church. Miss Rhodes is the daughter of the Rev. Dr. M. Rhodes, who gave her away. Mrs. Terrell, a sister of the bride, attended her as matron of honor.  
Mrs. Eugene Field, wife of the late Eugene Field, has sent cards to St. Louis friends, inviting them to be present at the marriage of her

daughter, Miss Mary Field, to Mr. William Cassell Englar. The ceremony will take place on Wednesday, October 16th, at St. Peter's church, on Belmont avenue, Chicago.  
Mrs. Ashley D. Scott announces the engagement of her niece, Miss May Scott, to Mr. Walter West, of Westmoreland place. Mrs. Scott with her family has lately returned from Wequetonsing, Mich. Miss Scott is the daughter of a brother of the late Mr. Ashley D. Scott, who resides in California, and came to St. Louis a year or so ago.  
An engagement soon to be officially announced is that of Miss Lulu Whyte, of Kirkwood, a niece of Mrs. Celeste Pim, of St. Louis, and Mr. William Copping Cotter, a well-known young lawyer, of Indianapolis, Ind. Mr. Cotter is expected in a few days to pay a visit to his fiancée and the date of the wedding will be then decided upon. Miss Whyte is the daughter of Mrs. J. G. Whyte, of Kirkwood.  
Mrs. Joseph Branch, of 3727 Delmar boulevard, entertained her friends on Friday evening last with a reception in honor of her guests, Mrs. F. B. Sliger, of New York, and Miss Elizabeth Klotz, of Helena, Ark. Mrs. Branch received from three to five o'clock, assisted by her daughters, Mrs. C. K. Garrison, Mrs. E. R. Cushing and Miss Beatrice Branch. The serving was done by Mrs. Harrison Steadman, Misses Birdie Scott, Mamie Strode and Genevieve Hebert.  
A double announcement is made of the engagements of the Misses Jones, of Webster Groves. Miss Lottie Jones is to marry Mr. Joseph Matthews, in November, and Miss Churchill Jones will wed Dr. John Pitman. The two young ladies are the daughters of Captain Lorraine Jones, of Webster. Miss Churchill Jones impersonated Queen Louise in the well known picture, at an entertainment for charity, a few years ago, and her likeness to the original has given her the nickname of "The Queen."  
The marriage of Miss Olive Hyatt, of Kirkwood, and Mr. Lewis Irwin McGeary, of St. Louis, will take place at the Grace Episcopal Church, in Kirkwood, on Oct. 22d. Miss Hyatt will have for her maid of honor Miss Bessie Jenkins, and Mr. Brian Gunning McGeary will serve as best man. The ushers will be Messrs. Arthur Kimball, Guy Mariner, William Hitt, and Frank White. Little Miss Margaret Hitt and Master Edward Hyatt will hold the white satin ribbons. After the ceremony there will be a reception at the home of the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hyatt. Mr. and Mrs. McGeary will reside at Woodlawn.  
The marriage of Miss Alby Watson and Mr. Harry Stegall took place on Wednesday evening, at the home of the bride's uncle, Mr. W. C. Walker, of 4536 Westminster Place. The ceremony was performed at eight o'clock by the Rev. Dr. Daniel Dorchester, of the Lindell Avenue M. E. Church, in the presence of a gathering of friends and relatives of the young couple. Miss Louise Espenchied and Mrs. Severn Blake served respectively as maid of honor and best man, there being no other attendants. After the ceremony there was a reception until ten o'clock. Miss Elsie Ford and Miss Clara Stegall served punch and frappe. The young couple will be at home after Nov. 15th, at 3518 Washington boulevard.  
The marriage of Miss Daisy Pannill and Mr. William Henry Blodgett, both of St. Louis, took place at St. Paul's Chapel, in Milwaukee, last Thursday. Miss Pannill was attended by her sister, Miss May Pannill, as maid of honor, and Mr. Blodgett had for his best man, Mr. Edward Collins, of New York City. The ushers were Messrs. Willis and Theodore Hinckley and Joseph Dickson, of St. Louis, and Clarke Rosecrantz, of Milwaukee. After the ceremony there was a reception at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Ferguson Mead. The young couple are now enjoying their honeymoon tour and upon their return will be at home Wednesdays in November, at the home of Col. and Mrs. Wells Blodgett, the groom's parents, at 3103 Pine St.  
We are still the proud possessors of the America's cup. Sir. Thomas Lipton and the Kaiser of Germany may again challenge us, but if so, we will again prove to them that America is the champion yacht builder and sailer. We may be challenged for our cup, but no one doubts that Swope's shoes are the best in fit, finish and durability. Swope's is at 311 N. Broadway. Swope's shoes can never be challenged.  
"Is there any cure for jealousy?" "Yes." "What?" "The faith cure."—Chicago Post.

Do You Know That

## Our Diamonds

and other precious gems are imported direct from the cutters of Europe, and that we sell them to our patrons at the Lowest Prices in America.

In our Magnificent Collection are

### Diamond

RINGS .....	\$10.00 to \$2500.00
BROOCHES .....	\$16.00 to \$2500.00
EAR-RINGS.....	\$20.00 to \$2000.00
LOCKETS .....	\$7.00 to \$300.00
BRACELETS.....	\$25.00 to \$350.00

The exquisite beauty of these goods and the low prices placed on them will commend them to all intending buyers, whom we ask particularly to call and see them.  
We set Diamonds in our own factory and employ only expert designers and diamond setters.

**Solitaire Diamond Ring**  
\$80.00  
Others from \$10 to \$3000

**Twin Diamond Ring**  
\$110.00  
Others from \$15 to \$900

**Diamond Cluster Ring with Turquoise centre**  
\$90.00  
Others from \$15 to \$450

**Three-Stone Diamond Ring**  
\$350.00  
Others from \$20 to \$1800

Visitors to the City are cordially invited to come and inspect our Establishment, see our fine Collection of Jewels, Art Wares, Silverware, Fine Cut Glass, Bric-a-Brac, etc. Mail orders promptly filled. Catalogue Free on Request.

## Mermod & Jaccard's, BROADWAY,

Cor. Locust St.

### THE VEILED PROPHETS.

The 24th annual ball of the Veiled Prophets was the largest and finest yet given. The Queen, Miss Emily Catlin Wickham was truly regal and the ladies of her court were the greatest "bunch of beauties" ever assembled at a V. P. function. The ball was truly a ball, not a rare show. The arrangements were perfect. The Veiled Prophets deserve the thanks of the whole city for the entertainment of Tuesday evening. The parade was pretty and instructive and it was carried off without wearisome delays. The \$50,000 that the evening cost the Prophets was well expended.

### TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

### IN THE ART-GALLERY.

"Who is she, Ezra, they've forgot her label?" "T'other one's Apollo, and this here one is Apollinaris, his wife."—Pittsburg Life.

### ALL THE MORE REASON:

She—"Let's sit out the next one." He—"Why, I thought you were fond of dancing?"—She—"I am."—Detroit Free Press.

### Ladies' Restaurant

OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

## Schoen's Orchestra

ADDRESS THE ODEON OR Balm & Weber's. Latest Popular Music. Phone: Lindell 1220

## UMBRELLAS

MADE AT

# Namendorf's

Are right in Style, Quality and Price, 50c to \$40.00.

STORE AND FACTORY, 519 Locust. BETWEEN BROADWAY AND SIXTH ST.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.





## BLENNERHASSETT.

## CUPID AND MARS.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

My attention has been called to your review of Mr. Chas F. Pidgin's book, "Blennerhassett." I have not read Mr. Pidgin's book, but I am wondering why in your criticism you say "Blennerhassett was weak, we all know, but no man so weak as Mr. Pidgin conceives Blennerhassett to be could ever have been taken into the mighty scheme which led Burr on to his pitiful ending." Blennerhassett was not "taken into the mighty scheme" by Burr. He went into it of his own accord. How, and when, and where was Harman Blennerhassett a "weak" man beyond his fellow men? That was not his rating in his own country, among his associates and family, all of whom were people of public and social prominence. In England and Ireland Harman B. was considered a man of brains and force of character. It has remained for his self-appointed modern biographers in their "romances" to make the assertion of "weakness" without supporting it by fact. Was Blennerhassett "weak" because he joined Burr in the so-called expedition? If that constitutes "weakness," then were several of the presumably smartest men of that day "weak"—notably, Andrew Jackson; Governor Adair of Kentucky; Governor Alston of South Carolina, Burr's son-in-law, General Wilkinson; Daniel Clark of New Orleans are a few of those who were pledged to the expedition, but who withdrew when failure became evident. Like those men, Blennerhassett promised \$50,000 to help the expedition. He was sufficiently practical to keep his word and advance the money, which to many would be an indication of strength of character, not "weakness." Was Blennerhassett "weak" because he lost so large a part of his fortune? If so, there were numbers of "weak" men then, and are now. It is absurd in the extreme that the "ambition" and "romantic" tendencies of Mrs. Blennerhassett are so dwelt on. She was a gifted woman, highly educated because she had the brains to take an education, but there is nothing to show her "ambition" led her to any lines not laid down by her husband. Nor is there the least reason to believe her "romantic" temperament was greater than that of any woman of her type.

If the "romancers" and historians of to-day be so bold as to draw the curtain of time, and thereby seek to depict, to their own liking, the daily life led by Harman Blennerhassett and his wife, one hundred years ago, they must submit to corrections from the family, in this matter better informed than they.

Therese Blennerhassett-Adams.

October 5th, 1901.

Mr. Wm. Walsh, founder of the Merrick, Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co., desires to inform his friends that he is now connected with the J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

Giggsby (at the club)—"Eliminate from the average woman all her finery—her clothes and jewels—rob her of the power to talk of the latest and lightest books, and a few other trivial subjects, and have you anything left?" Whipton—"Yes, sir." Giggsby—"Then what is it?" Whipton—"A lot of unpaid bills."—Life.

Citizens of Chester, S. C., would prevent the issuing of a commission to William F. Cranford, recently appointed a first lieutenant in the regular army. Young Cranford is a member of an old family in the Palmetto State. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war he enlisted and rendered gallant service in Cuba. Later he was appointed a second lieutenant of volunteers and went to the Philippines, where he again distinguished himself and won an appointment in the regular army as first lieutenant.

His many advantages of birth, education and opportunity in addition to an attractive personality made him popular in Chester and a short time ago his engagement to marry a beautiful young woman of Chester was announced and preparations were made to celebrate the wedding one day recently. The night before the wedding was to take place Lieutenant Cranford called at the residence of his intended bride. He remained there until about 10 o'clock and, after leaving, addressed a brief but polite note to the mother of his fiancée, informing her that the marriage would not take place. This breaking off of the engagement caused great indignation, as Lieutenant Cranford's action was unexplained. Many of the prominent people of Chester who had previously urged his appointment to the regular army joined in the petition to the President to withhold the issuance of a commission.

The protest from Chester has reached the War department and the adjutant general of the army has advised that the commission of Lieutenant Cranford be withheld pending a full investigation of the subject.

NO TIME TO LOSE: President (of oil-well syndicate)—"Advertise that we have a few shares of new stock to sell at one dollar a share." Clerk—"When shall I put the ads in?" "At once. We've got to get money enough together to pay the next dividend."—Detroit Free Press.

The best of all remedies, and for over sixty years, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 1840-1901

## Chemical Cleaning Works

MILLS & AVERILL.

Broadway and Pine.

BELL MAIN 2197. KINLOCH B 517.

Send a postal or telephone and we will call at your house for garments and return them to you promptly. Suits chemically cleaned and pressed, \$2.00; trousers, 50c. Repairing and dyeing done at moderate charges.

Full Dress Suits to Rent for \$2.50.

**FAUST & SONS,**  
Oyster and Restaurant Co.

We Control  
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Operate

5 PLACES.  
viz:

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Fulton Market, 412-414-416 Elm Street.  
Wholesale Department, 414-416 Elm Street.  
Restaurant and Cafe, Broadway and Elm Street  
Exposition Cafe, Exposition Building.

LATEST  
DESIGNS  
IN  
DIAMOND  
AND  
GOLD  
JEWELRY.

ELEGANT  
SELECTION  
KAYSER  
ZINN.

SWELL  
WEDDING  
PRESENTS  
OF  
SILVER  
AND CUT  
GLASS.

**A. Kurtzeborn & Sons,**

JEWELERS.

310 North Sixth Street.

"HUMPHREY'S CORNER."

## Save Time and Money

By making your Fall Purchases at HUMPHREY'S—  
Where you get only reliable goods—  
Styles the Latest, Material and Make the Best—  
We are showing the same Styles and Materials shown by  
the best merchant tailors, and at about half their prices.

Suits from \$10.00 to \$30.00

Overcoats, \$10.00 to \$50.00

See Our \$1.90 Hat; value \$3 00

Also Our 87c Shirt; value \$1 25

**HUMPHREY'S,**

BROADWAY AND PINE, ST. LOUIS.

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Corner King's Highway and  
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Opened September 25th.

New Family Hotel • European and American • Cafe.

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS.

FRANK M. WHITE, Manager.

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EQUALED.

EVERY ONE

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OAK  
STOVES & RANGES

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LONGEST.

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and Paper Bound  
Books can be  
found at

ROEDER'S BOOK STORE.  
307 NORTH FOURTH ST.



HARROWING TALE.

A masterpiece of fiction has been discovered by the *Argonaut* in the *Home Queen*, "a magazine for women." Most of the paper is made up of advertisements about "opium habit, whisky habit, and other bad habits cured"—which seems to reflect upon the personal habits of the ladies who read the *Home Queen*. There are also advertisements on "How to make any one love you," which seems to reflect on their powers of fascination. The masterpiece of fiction is entitled

THE STORY OF AN ARTIST'S MODEL.

"Please, do you need a model?" asked a sweet voice, and an instant later Ralph Orton saw the loveliest face framed in by dancing golden curls.

He stood an instant lost in rapt admiration; then the overwhelming desire to paint her, his ideal, seized him.

"Return in half an hour," and she turned away, a bright, winsome light on her face.

Orton, with wealth and friends on every hand, had chosen art as his profession, and was now in the zenith of his fame.

His fiancée, Irene Howard, was posing for him, but her face lacked the delicate feeling which he sought. For, while Irene was beautiful, still, under her charming exterior, there lurked a heart that was cruel and hard.

Ah! but now he had seen the "Marguerite" of his dreams!

With consuming anxiety Ralph waited. Why did she not come? But at last his impatience was rewarded.

Winifred Grey was an orphan, and the sole support of an aged grandmother. She was well loved in the studios, where her gentle ways won her many friends as well as engagements.

As the sittings went on, the picture progressed rapidly; so also did the acquaintance, and from mere friendliness Ralph soon found that he loved as never before; but, too honorable to break his plighted vows, he suffered in silence.

Winifred arriving first at the studio one day, smelled smoke; turning to retrace her steps, she heard the door closed and the key turned, and a low, exultant laugh startled her.

"Ha, ha, my pretty bird; trapped at last! Now will you steal my lover? Beat your dainty wings and cry, but it will be in vain. Ha, ha!"

A week later Winifred came out of a period of unconsciousness. The surroundings were all strange; so was the kind-looking lady who smoothed back her hair. To Winifred's inquiry the gentle answer came:

"I am Ralph's mother and you are at his home. Now rest, dear," and with a kiss she left her.

Strength is quickly regained in pleasant environments, and soon Winifred heard of the fire and Irene's treachery; also the old, sweet story (which is ever old, but ever new) of Ralph's love for her.

Winifred is now married and the happy mistress of a dainty home.

The place of honor in her parlor is filled by the "Marguerite," and as the firelight falls softly on it the husband draws his wife to him, and, glancing at the picture, murmurs softly:

"My 'Marguerite,' I found, but also lost you, now you are mine forever and ever."

Fine diamonds and other precious gems at lowest prices, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway, corner Locust.

THE HOME WOMAN.

No clever, brilliant thinker she,  
With college record and degree;  
She has not known the paths of fame,  
The world has never heard her name,  
She walks in old, long-trodden ways,  
The valleys of the yesterdays.

Home is her kingdom, love her dower—  
She seeks no other wand of power  
To make home sweet, bring heaven near,  
To win a smile and wipe a tear,  
And do her duty day by day  
In her own quiet place and way.

Around her childish hearts are twined,  
As round some reverend saint enshrined,  
And following hers the childish feet  
Are led to ideals true and sweet,  
And find all purity and good  
In her divinest motherhood.

She keeps her faith unshadowed still—  
God rules the world in good and ill;  
Men in her creed are brave and true,  
And women pure as pearls of dew,  
And life for her is high and grand,  
By work and glad endeavor spanned.

This sad old earth's a brighter place  
All for the sunshine of her face;  
Her very smile a blessing throws,  
And hearts are happier where she goes,  
A gentle, clear-eyed messenger,  
To whisper love—thank God for her!

—L. M. Montgomery, in *The Congregation-  
alist*.

A very unique wedding gift, shown at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., in the Mercantile Club Building, at 7th and Locust streets, is an anniversary clock that runs 400 days with one winding.

HIS PREFERENCE: "Would you rather have something else than a piece of pie?" asked the kind neighbor of little Freddie, who had run an errand for her. "Yes, ma'am," said Freddie, promptly; "I wu'd ruther hav' two pieces."—*Ohio State Journal*.



**GARLAND  
STOVES  
AND  
RANGES**

The World's Best

All styles and sizes. Prices from \$5 to \$50.

**Awarded First Prize  
Paris Exposition 1900.**  
Sold by First-Class Stove Merchants everywhere.

St. Louis School of Fine Arts



Furnishes superior instruction in Drawing, Modeling, Painting, Artistic Anatomy, Perspective, Composition, Architectural and Mechanical Drawing, Decorative Design and Applied Art.

Advancement of each student depends solely on the degree of proficiency; all instruction is individual. The Artists connected with the school as teachers have received their training in the Art Schools of Europe.

Students may enroll at any time.  
26TH YEAR OPENS SEPT. 23, 1901.  
For illustrated circulars address  
HAILEY C. IVES, DIRECTOR,  
St. Louis School of Fine Arts, St. Louis, Mo.



**Corticelli**  
**SPOOL  
SILK**

*Too Strong  
to Break*

There is No Silk So Smooth, No Silk So Long, and  
No Silk So Strong as **Corticelli** THE DRESSMAKERS'  
FAVORITE SEWING SILK  
**Corticelli and Brainard & Armstrong's**  
BEAUTIFUL AND CONTINUOUS LUSTRE.  
THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE WASH SILKS.  
Manufactured at the Greatest Silk Mills in the World.



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L. ACKERMAN, Manager.  
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Sole Agents for  
**Connelly Turbans and  
Tailor-Made Hats.**

Special Display of Our Latest Importations in  
.. Parisienne and English Hats ..

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HAIR DRESSING.**  
3528 Olive St.  
Ladies' and Gents' Manicure Parlors.

**MONEY TO LOAN**  
On Diamonds and Jewelry  
**CENTRAL LOAN OFFICE.**  
204 N. FOURTH STREET



## THIS LAND OF GOOD THINGS.

The tide of ocean travel is now setting rapidly westward from Europe. Our leisure classes have "done Europe" as almost never before, and those who have no fixed residences abroad are longing to get home again. They are hungry for America in more than one sense, and many are free to declare that they are coming home to get something to eat. These are people who will gladly testify that America is the best fed country on the earth, and that the homely old dishes they left behind for the famed cookery of Europe are doubly appreciated when one loses them.

A traveler just returned on one of the new ocean palaces describes the astonishing scenes witnessed in the main saloon at meal times. It seems that the big steamer, in anticipation of American tastes, had taken out a big supply of green corn and watermelons among her stores. At dinner on the first day out from Liverpool the waiters served this green corn in the original packages and in the old-fashioned way. It was like feeding the lions. All eyes were riveted on the corn, and everything else was forgotten. It was the first green corn these voyagers had seen all summer. Knives and forks fell dead. The daintiest hands seized the big ears, and without ceremony the loveliest teeth were buried in them with a mastiff's eagerness. The scene is described as bewildering, with a sea of requests for more.

Being sated with green corn from the cob, the next surprise was watermelon, another stranger to Europe. Half-moon disks were seized by members of the "four hundred" and devoured as if at a plantation picnic. The writer describes the scene as strongly suggestive of a Rhode Island clambake. These people had for a year seen no green corn and no watermelon. They do not raise such things in Europe, and the most requested hotels hardly know what they are. It is well that American bred people occasionally sojourn abroad for several months. They thus learn to appreciate how well we are fed in this country and how much we enjoy what we are apt to ignore in the rage for foreign cooking.

Take the five articles—beefsteak, green corn, watermelon, coffee and ice, so plenty in this country, they are almost unknown in many parts of Europe. We often speak of England as a beef-eating country, and yet beefsteak, as Americans understand it, is almost unknown in England. What they mean by beef is rump and roast beef. For the purposes of an American this amounts to "next to nothing." On the bill of fare of a certain New York restaurant thirty-three different kinds of beefsteaks are enumerated. In England the thick double sirloin, or "club" steak, is virtually unknown. In Germany the case is likewise. One can get what is here known as a "Hamburg steak," but of sirloin and porterhouse they know nothing.—*Boston Globe*.

CHECKED.—*Smith* (bent on a little flirtation): "Ah, excuse me, but is this seat engaged?"

*Female Occupant* (coldly): "No, sir, but I am!"—*Tit-Bits*.

*Little Ethel*—"Mamma, I know why it isn't safe to count your chickens before they're hatched." *Mother*—"Why, dear?" *Little Ethel*—"Coz sum of 'em might be ducks."—*Ohio State Journal*.

## THE AUTOMOBILE COAT.

Oh, Automobile Coat;  
Not that that man wears  
On his fiery, untamed steed  
Which chews up oil and steam  
And busts a britchen strap  
At intervals,  
But that that woman wears  
When she doth promenade  
The thronging thoroughfares,  
Or crowds the bargain counter  
To the wall;  
Oh, Automobile Coat,  
Who first suggested you  
As garniture  
For shapes divinely tall  
And most divinely fair,  
Or dumpy as the duck's?  
What hypnotist of Fashion  
Patterned you,  
And worked his spell  
On womankind  
That she should make  
A clotheshorse of herself,  
To be so blanketed?  
Was he a minion  
Of the shapeless ones  
Who sought to hide beneath your folds?  
Or friend of those  
Whose clothes were old,  
Or out of style?  
And was his price  
Less than the price  
Of plumpers and of pads,  
Or of the new things  
Woman so admires?  
God wot.  
This much we know,  
That woman looks a sight  
In your encircling widths;  
A lumpy, lumbering thing  
That wabbles when it walks;  
A buttoned bag  
Of gracelessness;  
A figure in a freakish garb  
That fits a barrel  
With the grace  
That it would fit a barber pole.  
That woman does peculiar things,  
And those we least expect,  
Is woman's way:  
Is woman's pride;  
But not so with her looks.  
To look all right and regular  
Is what she most desires.  
She'd risk her hope of Heaven  
For a whim  
Of head or heart,  
And give it little heed;  
But if her hat  
Be not on straight,  
Her very soul cries out in pain.  
And you,  
Oh, Automobile Coat,  
Are worse than if she wore  
Two hats,  
And both were on crooked.  
Oh, Automobile Coat, go to;  
You cause us special wonder  
That woman wears you, when you know  
You make her look like thunder.  
Avaunt; vamoose, you shapeless thing  
That casts your spell on woman;  
Get out of sight, and once more let  
Her look like something human.

—W. J. L. in the *New York Sun*.

A very unique wedding gift, shown at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., in the Mercantile Club Building, at 7th and Locust streets, is an anniversary clock that runs 400 days with one winding.

SOROSIS  
TRADE MARK

The Best Shoe For Women.

\$3.50 Per Pair.

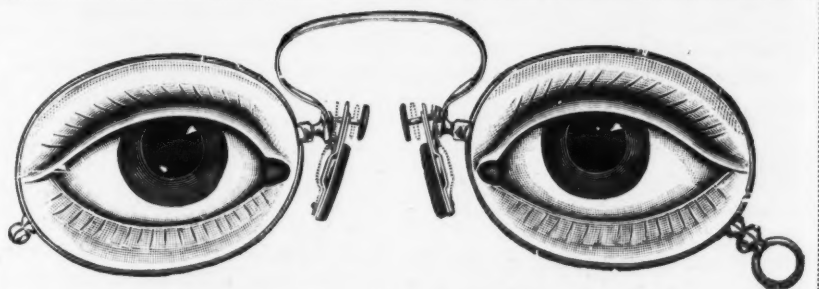
The varieties are so extensive that every occasion, with its appropriate dress—every different kind of foot, and the numerous requirements of up-to-date taste are provided for.

When purchasing Sorosis Shoes, customers should have the foot measured, instead of inquiring for any particular size. By this means an accurate fit is secured.

The Sorosis Slipper is shown in numerous attractive designs, in accordance with the latest fashion.

*Scruggs, Vanderwort & Barney*

DRY GOODS COMPANY.



Reliable Optical Work Done by Expert Opticians.

ERKER BROS.' OPTICAL CO.,

608 OLIVE STREET, OPP. BARR'S.

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is GOOD FURNITURE at LOW PRICES. That's what we supply. Never such Beautiful Goods So Low.



### Bed-Room Suites,

in Mahogany, richly carved in Rococo or Renaissance; First Empire, also in Chippendale. A complete line of suites in Mahogany, Bird's-eye Maple and Antique Oak.



GOLD CABINETS; PEDESTALS AND TABLES

an unexcelled assortment to harmonize with our Beautiful Gold Frame Parlor Suites with their exquisite coverings.

*Scarritt Comstock Furniture Co.*  
BROADWAY AND LOCUST.





The Choicest Product  
of the Brewer's Art,



**LEMP'S ORIGINAL FALSTAFF.**



THE LATEST IMPROVED AND LARGEST BOTTLING  
ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.



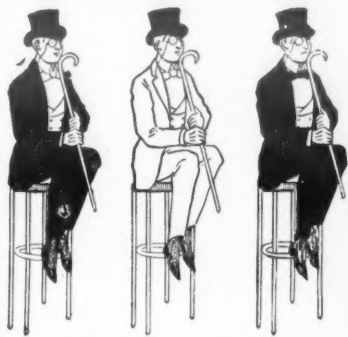
Visitors Are Cordially Invited to Inspect Our Plant.



**WM. J. LEMP  
BREWING CO.**







## THREE THINGS

They are not caught with brass bands—

Partridges, brook trout and customers.

If they were, we, too, would outblow the tornado, and outpound the advertising boiler factory as some merchants do.

We won't insult your intelligence by advertising noise.

In a plain, quiet way, we tell you of our preparations for the fall trade.

Here is an array of the choicest fall fabrics that we could find.

Here is a first-class force of cutters and sewers, so that promptness and fit are doubly guaranteed—here is an increased force of fitters and salesmen so that service and attention is even more prompt than in former years.

Your suit cut from your choice of our fabrics, any price from \$25.00 to \$50.00.

Trousers \$6.00 to \$14.00. Fall and winter Overcoats \$25.00 to \$60.00.

MacCarthy-Evans Tailoring Co.

820 Olive Street, St. Louis.

Opp. Post Office.

Would you call this advertising?  
The Perfect Gas Range is made of the very best material and unusual great care is exercised in its manufacture.

Over two thousand (2000) are in daily use in St. Louis. Each and every one of these is giving good satisfaction.

The Eclipse Gas Water heater can be attached in any kitchen, regardless of the make of gas stove used. It is the best, the quickest, cheapest, but the most economical gas water heater in existence.

Backus Building  
1011 Olive  
Headquarters For Good Gas Goods

**POLLONI'S**

**Brunette Complexion Powder**

Is just the shade for a sun browned complexion; absolutely pure, harmless and beneficial. Two other colors—pink and white. Sample free.

J. A. Pozzoni, St. Louis, Mo.

## THE STOCK MARKET.

Wall street is evidently in very bad humor. The multifarious cliques are hurling accusations of bad faith against each other. The air is full of ugly rumors. It seems that the thieves have again had a falling out, and, as usual in such matters, the public got the worst of it. The Rockefeller people are regarded as being at the bottom of the "late unpleasantness" in industrial stocks, and as being desirous of a further general decline in values for their own selfish purposes. There is a great variety of rumors. The bears are once more drawing very heavily on their imagination, and, owing to the peculiar state of affairs in the financial and industrial world in Europe and this country, and the suspicious manoeuvres of Standard Oil interests in connection with copper shares, the public is exceedingly wary and suspicious. The way some industrials acted in the past week was "anything but reassuring. National Salt common, for instance, on the announcement of plans being perfected for the formation of an international salt trust, took a lofty tumble of 15 points in one day, while other stocks of its class dropped from 3 to 5 points between sales.

The treacherous actions of the industrial group had, of course, a depressing effect on the railroad list, but declines in the latter were not, as a rule, very important. The weakest features were Missouri Pacific, Missouri Kansas & Texas, St. Louis & San Francisco, Texas & Pacific and a few Vanderbilts which had risen too fast in the last two weeks. It was evidently the intention of bear cliques to induce heavy liquidation in the railroad group by a fierce onslaught on industrial and traction stocks. Their success was, however, rather indifferent. Atchison common, for instance, met with vigorous, persistent support, the stock rising, while the rest of the market was declining. Louisville & Nashville, Southern Ry., C. & O., Norfolk & Western, Pennsylvania, New York Central, Southern Pacific and Union Pacific were also fairly strong and showed remarkable recuperative power. The Gould stocks, it is estimated, were sandbagged on stories that all plans for a great southwestern railroad deal had been abandoned. Well-informed traders assert that these stories are without basis, and that important announcements will soon be made.

The money market is very fickle and variable. It is hard to form any reliable opinion about its course in the next few weeks. Currency is still flowing towards the interior centers, and there will be no change in this respect, according to the statements of leading financiers, until the latter part of October. The bank statement issued last Saturday revealed a slight weakening of reserves and a good-sized increase in loans. It had been assumed that the statement would be very favorable, owing to continued treasury disbursements and gold imports from Paris. When, therefore, the surplus reserve and loan items disclosed a deterioration, the speculative fraternity was somewhat dismayed and hastened to sell, the consequence being a further drop in prices, which was somewhat accelerated by renewed bear aggressiveness and heavy liquidation in Amalgamated Copper, Brooklyn Rapid Transit, Metropolitan, Sugar, Colorado Fuel & Iron, Tennessee Coal & Iron, Diamond Match, Republic Iron & Steel, U. S. Rubber, U. S. Leather, American Car & Foundry, General Electric and Pressed Steel Car issues. Peoples Gas was also attacked, and dropped to almost 101 on

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## BAUER BROS.,

## STOCK AND BOND BROKERS,

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Dealers in HIGH GRADE INVESTMENT SECURITIES.

H. WOOD, President. RICH'D B. BULLOCK, Vice-Prest. W. E. BERGER, Cashier.

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We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.

Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.

Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable in all parts of the world.

large transactions. In fact, every industrial stock on the list reflected vigorous selling, probably on the growing impression that the era of great prosperity and tremendous profits is past.

Brooklyn Rapid Transit declined to about 55¾. The annual statement of the company, which will soon be issued in proper form, is expected to be very bad. In view of the fact that the stock does not pay anything, and that the surplus does not exceed one-half of one per cent., there can be no question that the shares are dear at even 50. It is only manipulation and rumors of a coming street railway combination in Greater New York that caused the stock to sell at from 70 to 80 all along. The decline in Metropolitan was also rather sharp. Late reports show that this stock is barely earning its 7 per cent. dividend. The capitalization of the company is excessive, and so is the bonded indebtedness. Manhattan sympathized in the downward movement and lost about 7 points. This is undoubtedly the best traction stock on the list. It should be a good purchase on any further declines.

The U. S. Steel Corporation declared the regular quarterly dividends of 1 per cent on the common and 1¾ per cent on the preferred. The statement of earnings submitted was very favorable, and demonstrated an earning capacity of about \$110,000,000 net, after all charges. The surplus for the first six months of the concern's short history, after charges and dividend payments, amounts to \$12,000,000. One of the strangest facts revealed by the statement was that the earnings during the month of

## McKnight,

Who has for the past six years made the best Clothes in this city for the money, is now located in his new store,

614 Olive Street.

A complete line of Foreign Fabrics always on hand. Personal attention paid to every garment turned out. One trial will convince you.

SUITS, \$20.00 to \$60.00.

PANTS, \$5.00 to \$15.00.

August, when the strike troubles were presumed to be playing havoc with revenues, were the largest on record. Wall street is commenting favorably on the disposition of the directors to submit fairly reliable statements to shareholders every month, and the wish is expressed that other industrial concerns would follow the example set by the \$1,000,000,000 company.

There is, however, some skepticism regarding the legitimacy of the U. S. Steel surplus. Charges are preferred, by experienced men, that the company is "skinning" the properties under its control, in order to pay big dividends and to show large earnings. It is suspected that the



# St. Louis Trust Co.

Capital and Surplus, \$5,000,000.00

## INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.

Safe Deposit Boxes \$5.00 and Upward.

## GUY P. BILLON,

BANK OF COMMERCE BUILDING, ROOM 208.

Dealer in Municipal, Local and all Investment Securities. Railroad Stocks and Bonds a specialty. Buys and sells for cash or carries on margin. Negotiates loans on Real Estate and other Securities.

### Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Guy P. Billon, stock and bond broker, 421 Olive street.

#### CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102½-103
Park 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	109-110
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	110-111
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	102½-103
" 4	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	104-105½
" 4	J. D.	Dec., 1909	102½-103
" 4	J. J.	July 1, 1911	111-112
" 4	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104-105
" 4	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104-106
" St. r'g. 100 4	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107-108
" (Gld) 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	107½-108½
" 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	107½-110
" 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109-110
" 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	104-105
" 3½	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	102½-103½

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277

Assessment \$352,521,650

#### ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	104½-105½
" 3½	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1921	102-104
School Lib. 4 10-20	J. & D.	June, 1920	104-106
" 4	A. J.	Apr 1, 1914	104-106
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102-103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	108-105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	104-105
" 4	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105-106
" 4 10-20	J. D.	July 1, 1919	105-107
" 4 10-20	J. D.	June 1, 1920	104-106
" 3½	J. J.	July 1, 1921	101-103

#### MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	75-80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100-102
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	105-105½
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	60
Commercial Building 1st	1911	95-100
Consolidated Coal 6s	1904	99-101
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1923	104½-105
Kinlock Tel Co., 6s 1st mtg.	1919	108-109
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1929	115½-116
Merchants Bridge 1st mtg 6s	1930	113-114½
Merch Bridge and Terminal 6s	1921	117-119
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1927	92½-93½
Missouri Edison 1st mtg 5s	1906	100
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1914	94-91½
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1910	93-94
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1912	90-90
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1919	104½-105
St. L. Troy and Eastern Ry. 6s	1901	100-101
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1913	100-101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	100-104
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75-80

#### BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Ry. Ch.	\$50	June '01, 8 SA	257-260
Boatmen's	100	June '01, 8½ SA	210-220
Bremen Sav.	100	Oct. 1901 6 SA	265-270
Continental	100	June '01, 8½ SA	234-236
Fourth National	100	May '01, 5p.c. SA	286-290
Franklin	100	June '01, 4 SA	177½
German Savings	100	July 1901, 6 SA	240-292
German-Amer.	100	July 1901, 20 SA	750-800
International	100	Sept. 1901 1½ qy	145-150
Jefferson	100	July 01, 3p.c. SA	165-180
Lafayette	100	July 1901, 6 SA	525-675
Mechanics' Nat.	100	Oct. 1901, 2 qy	241-244
Merch.-Laclede	100	Oct. 1901, 1½ qy	231-243
Northwestern	100	July 1901, 4 SA	130-150
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Oct. 1901, 2½ qy	305-315
South Side	100	May 1901, 8 SA	130-132
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk.	100	Oct. 1901, 8 SA	139-142
Southern Com.	100	July 1900, 8 SA	110-115
State National	100	Oct. 1901 1½ qy	190-195
Third National	100	Oct. 1901, 1½ qy	230-231

\*Quoted 100 for par

### TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Commonwealth	100	Forming	340-355
Lincoln	100	June 01, S.A. 3	284-286
Miss. Va.	100	July '01, 2½ qy	416-417
St. Louis	100	July 01, 2 qy	341-347
Title Trust	100		140-150
Union	100	Nov. '98, 8	367-370
Mercantile	100	Sept. '01 Mo 7½c	403-405

### STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 102½-103
10-20s 5s	J. & J.	1907 109-111
Citizens' 20s 6s	Dec. '88	
Jefferson Ave.	M. & N.	1905 105-107
10s 5s	F. & A.	1911 109-108½
Lindell 20s 5s	J. & J.	1913 116-116½
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 116-116½
do Taylor Ave. 6s	M. & N.	1896 105-106
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	Dec. '89 50c	
People's	J. & D.	1912 98-103
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	M. & N.	1902 98-103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	Monthly 2p	100
St. L. & B. St. L.	J. & J.	1925 103-107
do 1st 6s	M. & N.	1910 100½-101½
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	J. & J.	1913 102-103
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J. & J.	95-98
St. L. & Sub.	F. & A.	1921 105½-106
do Con. 5s	M. & N.	1914 117-120
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M. & N.	1916 116-116½
do Merimac Rv. 6s	1914	
do Incomes 5s	M. & N.	1904 104-106
Southern 1st 6s	J. & D.	1909 106-108
do 2d 25s 6s	F. & A.	1916 107-108
do Gen. Mfg. 5s	J. & D.	1918 121-122
U. D. 25s 6s	Oct. '01 1½	79½-79¾
United Ry's Pfd.	J & J	89½-89¾
" 4 p.c. 50s		25½-25¾
St. Louis Transit		

### INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	25	July 1901, 4 SA	55-57½

### MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100		18-19
" Pfd.	100	Sept. 1900 1½	49-50
Am. Car. Pfdy Co.	100	July 1901 ½	25-26
" Pfd	100	July 1901, 1½ qy	80-81
Bell Telephone	100	July 1901 2 qy	139
Bonne Terre P. C.	100	May '96, 2	4
Central Lead Co.	100	July 1901, MO	128-131
Consol. Coal	100	July, 1901 1	18-20
Doe Run Min. Co.	10	July 1901, ½ MO	128-135
Granite Bi-Metal	100		257½-260
Hydraulic P. B. Co.	100	June 1901, 1	85-90
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '99, 1	45-49
Kennard Com.	100	Feb. 1901 A. 10.	103-109
Kennard Pfd.	100	Feb. 1901 SA 3½	102-108
Laclede Gas, com.	100	Feb. 1901 2 p. c.	91-92
Laclede Gas, pf.	100	June 1901 SA	102-103
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		53-55
Mo. Edison com.	100		17-19
Nat. Stock Yards	100	July '01 1½ qy	100-101
Schultz Belting	100	July '01 qy 1½	95-100
Simmons Hdwy Co.	100	Feb. 1901, 8 A	165-169
Simmons do pf.	100	Feb. 1901 3½ SA	141-143
Simmons do 2 pf.	100	Mar. 1901 4 SA	139-141
St. Joseph L. Co.	10	May 1901 1½ qy	14½-15½
St. L. Brew Pfd.	10	Jan. '00, 4 p. c.	47-48½
St. L. Brew Com.	10	Jan. '99 3 p. c.	43-44
St. L. Cot. Comp.	100	Sept. '94, 4	5-25
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Dec., '98, 2	1-4
St. L. Transfer Co.	100	July 1901, 1 qy	72-75
Union Dairy	100	Aug. '01, 2 qy	135-145
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	July '01, qy	220-235
Westhaus Brake	50	June 1901, 7½	170-173
" Coupler		Consolidated	50½-52

management is not setting aside sufficient sums of money for depreciation, repairs, etc., etc. We will know more about this a year hence.

Wall street is suffering from a plethora of stories that the bull pool in Missouri Pacific has retired from business and "gone home." To prove this, attention is called to the apparent lack of support and heavy liquidation, which depressed the stock to 92. It is also hinted that the earnings of the Missouri Pacific and other Southwestern roads will soon reflect the injury done to the corn crop. There is, unquestionably, some plausibility in these hints and stories, but why is it that they did not make their appearance when Missouri Pacific was selling at 120? If insiders have been selling the stock, they certainly did not dispose of their holdings at 92 or 94. It is very likely that, as usual, the small fellows are again crawling out at the bottom, and that the bears are selling themselves into a bad hole. The stock may drop further, may, indeed, as some wise guys predict, go down to 75, but the cautious trader will keep out of danger by letting somebody else do the selling at the current level. The bear side is fast becoming a "lead-pipe cinch," and, for this reason alone, not very safe for the ordinary outsider. Last May, when bull enthusiasm was rampant, everything looked rosy. The public had become infected with the idea that the millennium was about to set in. To-day, after the lapse of only a few months, pessimism is growing apace, and the impression firmly rooted that everything is going to the dogs. While there is no particular reason to be very optimistic at the present time, owing to various developments, frequently referred to in these columns in the last two months, there is, on the other hand, nothing in the actual situation to warrant fears of a cataclysm or panic. All that is necessary is to be cautious, and to sift the few grains from the mass of chaff. If you cannot afford to stand a loss in speculation, stay out of it, until things have assumed a more reassuring aspect.

The Atchison, Burlington, Rock Island, Norfolk & Webster, Chesapeake & Ohio, Union Pacific, Reading, Erie, Southern Pacific, Louisville & Nashville, Southern Ry., and New York Central R. R. companies submitted very good statements lately and thereby justified the confidence of holders of their securities.

### LOCAL SECURITIES.

The depression in Wall Street has, temporarily at least, upset the calculations of St. Louis bulls, and led to increased offerings and lower prices all around. It would not take much of a real scare to cause some startling breaks in some inflated stocks on the St. Louis exchange. Everything will be lovely as long as everybody wants to buy, but there will be dismay when holders are seized with fear and rushing to sell.

Commonwealth Trust receded very sharply, losing about 22 points. It is now quoted at 342 bid, 357 asked. Lincoln Trust is selling at 293, and Third National is weak at 230 bid. Missouri Trust is inactive, and selling at about 107. For Mississippi Valley 424 is asked.

St. Louis Transit lost a point; it can now be bought at from 26 to 26¼. United Railways preferred suffered from liquidation, declining to 79¾. The 4 per cent bonds are also lower; 89 is bid for them.

Granite slumped about 25 points; it is now quoted at 2.70 bid, 2.72 asked. This is one of the most treacherous and fickle stocks on the list. It is much too high at present prices.

Banks report a continued good business. Interest rates are firm at 6 per cent. Domestic exchange is a little easier, and sterling firm at 4.86.

\*\*\*

Mr. Chas. A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust street.

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### A QUEER BARGAIN.

There are two society women, a correspondent writes, in New York—intimate friends—whose methods, like the heathen Chinese's, are peculiar. They sell their gowns to each other. That is, if Mrs. A has a gown for which she pays a hundred and fifty, and there is something about it her ladyship doesn't like, either an imperceptible wrinkle or an unsatisfactory gore, or perhaps because it is not becoming, she sends at once to Mrs. B and the two are closeted for an hour or so. The sharpest kind of a bargain is driven, and it is said by those who claim to know that there is frequently much wrangling. Both women have fortunes which mount up to six figures, but that does not prevent their haggling over the dollars and cents. Mrs. B will not pay one cent more than she has made up her mind to pay, and Mrs. A will not let the gown go for one cent less than she determined upon, probably three-quarters of what she paid, and so the battle royal goes on. Sometimes there are tears and always there is need of stimulants. And, finally, when the transaction has been settled and Mrs. B has reluctantly opened her purse strings, and Mrs. A has chuckled inwardly at having disposed of an unsatisfactory article satisfactorily, all differences are patched up and with a portion—a very small portion—of her morning's profit Mrs. A takes Mrs. B and blows her to luncheon at the Astoria. Over a boneless bird and a turquoise salad they become very cordial again and remain so, only until one or the other has something to dispose of.—*The New Yorker*.

\*\*\*

Tea sets, chests of silverware, cutlery sterling silver tableware, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway, corner Locust.

## Mississippi Valley Trust Company.

### TRUST DEPARTMENT.

Authorized by law to act as Executor, Administrator, Curator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver, Trustee under Will or Appointment of court and as Agent for individuals acting in any of the above-named capacities.



# RACING

## St. Louis Fair Grounds

Beginning at 2:00 P. M., Rain or Shine.

ADMISSION, Including Grand Stand, \$1.00

St. Louis Fair Association,

C. A. TILLES, President.  
JOHN HACHMEISTER, Secretary.

### COMING ATTRACTIONS.

The attraction at the Century, commencing Sunday, October 13, will be Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne, in Charles Henry Meltzer's new play, "The First Duchess of Marlborough." Mrs. Le Moyne will be pleasantly remembered here for her artistic performance, last season, in Browning's play, "In a Balcony." "The First Duchess of Marlborough" is a comedy of manners and intrigue, presenting accurate and interesting pictures of life at the court of Queen Anne, in the beginning of the 18th century. The plot of the play, although it is not intricate, enlists and sustains the general interest. Two of the scenes, laid in two of England's most famous palaces, are exquisitely mounted, while the costumes worn are of the richest, most gorgeous materials. Mrs. Le Moyne, as the Duchess of Marlborough, will doubtless be very effective. Among other well known performers in the cast are Harold Russell, Frederick Paulding, Joseph Wilkes, Frank Connor, Edwin James, Mary Barker, Nora O'Brien, Ina Brooks and Cornelia Hunter.

William H. Crane, under the management of Charles Frohman, will be seen at the Olympic, beginning Monday evening, October 14, in M. U. Hitchcock's dramatization of Edward Noyes Westcott's popular book, "David Harum." The horse trading, the securing of mortgages on the Widow Cullom's home, the story of the visit to the circus, and, in a word, all the incidents and characters made familiar in the book, are in the play; the only liberties taken in adapting the story to the stage, is the building up of the love affair of John Lenox and Mary Blake, which, it will be remembered, were the weak and disappointing features of the story. Mr. Crane, as David, scored quite a success in New York. Whoever has seen Mr. Crane knows that he is ideally fitted for the part in which he is to appear here next week. His company is said to be remarkable in the wide distribution of cleverness, many of the persons in his support fairly dividing honors with him. "David Harum" should give us a big week at the Olympic.

The Fourteenth Street Theatre, formerly the Germania, again dedicated to the German muse, opened last Sunday evening to a large and appreciative audience. The production, "Der Weg Zum Herzen," (The Way to the Heart,) was given a very effective and finished presentation. The foyer on the second floor has been remodeled into a conversation room. The walls of the interior have been redecorated, and, all in all, the Germania is now one of the coziest, prettiest theaters in the city.

"The Bowery Burlesquers," at the Standard, this week, are presenting a programme of novelties. Billy Gilbert, at the head of the company, is quite clever. The chorus girls are all rather pretty and perform their part with a "dash and go" that is very attractive. Among other good numbers are The Mayor of Chinatown and Yutakamee, Indian princess. Another feature of the bill, and in addition to the olio, is an original playlet, "Slumming." Next week, "The 20th Century Maids."

Best Watches, Mermod & Jaccard's, cor. Broadway and Locust.

### OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK,

WAY  
DOWN  
EAST.

Prices 25c, 50c, 75c  
and \$1.00.

Matinees,  
Wednesday Thursday  
and Saturday.

NEXT WEEK.

William H.  
Crane  
IN  
David  
Harum

### CENTURY

THIS WEEK,

The  
Sign  
of the  
Cross.

Prices 25c, 50c, 75c  
and \$1.00.

Matinees,  
Wednesday, Thursday  
and Saturday.

NEXT SUNDAY

Mrs.  
Sarah  
Cowell  
LeMoyne

Crawford—"Did your wife have a good time in the country?" Crabshaw—"No; the only thing that reconciled her was the thought that she stayed away two weeks longer than the woman next door."—*Town Topics.*

First boy—"It's six o'clock. Let's go home." Second boy—"Nit! If we go home now we'll git licked fer stayin' so late. If we stay till eight we'll git hugged and kissed fer not bein' drowned."—*Puck.*

MISPLACED FAITH: She—"Yes, she is a woman who has suffered a great deal because of her belief." He—"Indeed! And what is her belief?" She—"That she can wear a No. 3 shoe on a No. 4 foot."—*Tit-Bits.*

### 18th ANNUAL ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION

Open Every Week Day 9 a. m. to 10:30 p. m.

In Art Galleries—Famous Masterpieces by Rosa Bonheur, Murillo, Van Dyck, Corot, Symmons, Owned and Loaned by St. Louisans.

In Music Hall—Four Band Concerts Daily by Seymour's Famous Fifty—Massed Choruses or Solo Singers Nightly.

In Coliseum—Fourth Series Louisiana Purchase Living Pictures.

Admission to All of the Above—Adults, 25c; Children under 12, 10c; under 6, Free.

New Moving Pictures In Music Hall—admission 10c, children, 5c. Representing the last public acts of our martyred President,

William McKinley Reviewing the Troops at the Stadium, Buffalo.—Delivering His Last Speech, Sept. 5, 1901.—The Mob Outside the Temple of Music After the President Was Shot, Sept. 6, 1901.—The Funeral at Washington, D. C., and Canton, shown by films 850 feet in length.

### THE STANDARD.

THIS WEEK,

Bowery Burlesquers

NEXT WEEK,

20th Century Maids

AT THE Fair Grounds,

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 13th,

A GRAND RIDING AND ROPING CONTEST,

Wild Cattle from the West and Wild Cowboys to Rope Them.

Also THE FRISCO SYSTEM COWBOY BAND, which headed the procession at the Inauguration of our late President.

A number of ROOSEVELT'S ROUGH RIDERS will participate.

ADMISSION ONLY 25 CENTS.

Performance commences promptly at 2 P. M.

### THE WEST END HOTEL,

Vandeventer Avenue and Belle Place,

Absolutely Fire-Proof. ✿ Strictly High Class. ✿ Both Plans.

FORSTER HOTEL COMPANY.

DAVID LAUBER, Manager.



# CRAWFORD'S

Our Country Visitors are cordially invited, while in the city this week, to visit "ST. LOUIS' GREATEST STORE," whether Buyers or not, and have their surplus children fed, nursed and put to bed, and cared for generally, in our GRAND FREE NURSERY.

## Millinery.

Second Floor.

Why wait until the cold weather comes? Now is the time, as our stock is complete, and at Crawford's low prices. Will have 100 new hats, just from our workroom, all colors and styles, at

**\$4.98**

Ready-to-wear hats—draped with silk and quills—assorted colors,

**65c**

Baby Caps, assorted colors, worth 50c, at.....25c  
Fancy Feathers, 1000 to select from—Pompons, Fancy Feathers, Black Plumes, etc., at.....10c

## Ribbons.

We have purchased all the Satin and Gros-Grain Ribbons from the Pioneer Silk Co., of Paterson, N. J., at less than 50c on the dollar. This was one of the most popular brands of ribbon on the market and made for and handled by all the best retail houses in the country. Compare the prices below with other houses, and be convinced that we are selling these goods at one-half the usual price:

No. 5 Pure Silk S. and G. G., reg. price 8c yd., Sale Price.....4c  
No. 7 Pure Silk S. and G. G., reg. price 10c yd., Sale Price.....5c  
No. 9 Pure Silk S. and G. G., reg. price 12½c yd., Sale Price.....6c  
No. 12 Pure Silk S. and G. G., reg. price 15c yd., Sale Price.....7½c  
No. 16 Pure Silk S. and G. G., reg. price 18c yd., Sale Price.....9c  
No. 22 Pure Silk S. and G. G., reg. price 20c yd., Sale Price.....10c  
No. 40 Pure Silk S. and G. G., reg. price 22c yd., Sale Price.....10c

## Silks.

Colored Silk Taffetas, regular 50c quality, sale price.....39c  
The only house that has them in the city.  
Fancy Printed Warps, India Silks, suitable for ladies' silk waists, regular \$1.25 quality, sale price.....75c  
Black Peau de Soie, regular 98c quality, sale price.....69c

## CORSETS.

W. B. Erect Form Corsets, in fancy brocades, sizes 18 to 21, made to sell for \$2.50, to close.....98c  
Broken Assortments of P. D., Her Majesty and C. B. Corsets, worth up to \$3.50, to close.....98c

## PIANOS.

PIANOS have ceased to be a luxury. Time was when high prices and dealer's enormous profits put them beyond the reach of ordinary folk, but the ever aggressive department store has, in the case of Pianos, as in all other cases, brought them to a correct commercial basis and put them within the reach of all.

OUR SYSTEM of easy payments for high-grade Pianos at the price of stenciled boxes, put together by irresponsible makers, has made "CRAWFORD'S" the mecca of all sensible people looking for value, not talk, for their money.

Think of it—brand new Pianos, guaranteed for 5 years,

**\$147, \$189, \$200  
and Up.**

## GLOVES.

Just through the Custom House.

Three special bargains in Ladies' Kid Gloves for Fair Week:

Ladies' 2-clasp Kid Gloves, tan, red, gray, black, brown and white, actual value \$1.00. Fair Week Price.....69c  
Ladies' 2 and 3 clasp Suede Gloves, gray, mode and black, Fowne's \$2.00 quality, Fair Week Price.....\$1.25  
Celebrated \$2.00 Monarch Gloves, brown and tan, small sizes only, Fair Week Price.....98c

## Carpets and Rugs.

4—Great 9x12 Rug Specials for This Week—4.

9x12 Brusselette Room Rugs, in new medallion patterns and very durable; regular price, \$6.50; All This Week.....\$4.75  
9x12 Tapestry Brussels Room Rugs, all new designs; regular price, \$13.50; All this Week.....\$8.98  
9x12 Wilton Velvet Room Rugs, in this season's rich color effects; regular price \$21.00; All This Week.....\$15.00  
500 27-inch Persian Wilton Rugs, in bright oriental colorings; they sell all over at \$1.75; All This Week.....\$1.25

## Embroidery Dep't. "As A Flyer."

5000 pieces Cambric Embroidery, actual width, work and margin, 5 inches, never sold for less than 10c a yard—as a flyer, a yard.....5c  
50 pieces Fine Cambric Flouncing, 9-inch skirt widths, regular value 25c a yard—now, a yard.....15c

## Suits, Jackets, Skirts and Waists.

For \$4.98—Ladies' Winter-weight Jackets, made of beaver, kersey and cheviot, all lined, color navy blue, black and Oxford, would be a bargain at \$7.50  
—Our Jacket Special only.....\$4.98  
For \$1.75—All-wool Flannel Waists, surplice style, shield and collar of white flannel, bishop sleeve, colors red, old rose, royal green and black—Our Waist Bargain, only.....\$1.75  
For \$16.50—Ladies' swell Pebble Cheviot Dress Suits, blouse style, made with the new long dip front, taffeta silk lined, skirt has deep graduated flounce, a \$25.00 suit. Our Suit Special, only.....\$16.50  
For \$3.98—Ladies' fine quality English Homespun Walking Skirts, flounce tailor stitched and tucked, colors gray, Oxford and black, a grand bargain, only.....\$3.98  
For \$15.00—Ladies' Automobile Coats, made of fine tan and castor Kersey cloth, inlaid velvet collar, a \$22.50 coat—Our Special Price, only.....\$15.00  
For \$2.98—This is the best bargain ever offered in Ladies' Tailor-made Walking Skirts; these skirts are made of melton cloth, deep graduated flounce tailor stitched, colors black, navy and Oxford, would be cheap at \$5.50—a cracker-jack at.....\$2.98

## Colored Dress Goods.

Dress Goods from the great auction sales of Boessneck, Brossell & Co.

54-inch Hopsacking, all wool, extra heavy, regular 75c quality—sale price.....30c  
46-inch Colored Camel's Hair Suiting, regular \$1.00 quality—sale price.....49c  
Silk Embroidered French Foule, for Ladies' Waists; these goods are imported from France; regular 95c quality—sale price, only.....45c  
Silk and Wool Imported Plaids, regular 79c quality, sale price.....49c  
All-Wool French Plaids, light, swell colors, regular 85c quality—sale price.....39c  
54-inch Hairline Kersey Cloth, the latest for Ladies' Tailor-made Suits, regular \$2.00 quality, sale price.....\$1.39

## Black Dress Goods.

From the great auction sales of Boessneck, Brossell & Co.

52-inch Black Camel's Hair Suiting, extra heavy, regular price, \$1.25—sale price.....79c  
Black and White Stripe Canvas Cloth, extra heavy for skirts or ladies' tailor-made suits, regular \$1.50 quality—sale price.....98c  
54-inch Black Pebble Cloth, good weight, would be cheap at \$1.25—sale price.....79c

Butterick's Patterns for the Month of October now in.



## THE POCKETBOOK.

BY OCTAVE MIRBEAU.

One evening, late, Jean Loqueteux decided that it was time to go home. By that he meant a bench under a chestnut tree on the place d'Anvers, where he had slept during the last few weeks. Famished, he had only made two cents—two foreign coins at that, at the entrance of the Vaudeville theatre, opening the door of a cab.

"Such hard luck," remarked the poor man, talking to himself, "if I had only two sous, two sous to buy a crust of bread in the morning."

Dragging painfully his ill-clad person, hungry, suffering besides from illness, he resumed his walk toward the bench under the chestnut tree, hoping that he would meet a providential man willing to part with ten centimes, the price of his breakfast. Suddenly he stumbled against something in the darkness. Was it worth the trouble to look and see what it could be? Who knows? Providence has little regard for the poor, yet she is kind to them at times; he had found once a leg of mutton in the mud; maybe this time it was a chop.

"Let me see!"

And he picked up the object.

"Hump! This time I am deceived! It is no good to eat."

No one, not even a sergeant de ville, could be seen in the street. Jean Loqueteux went under a lamp-post to examine what he had in his hand.

"Well," he said aloud, "this is funny!"

The object was a black pocketbook containing ten thousand francs in government bills, but no letters, no cards, nothing to identify the owner.

"To think," he remarked to himself, "that some people carry ten thousand francs in that way in their pockets. It is enough to make anyone sick. And now I have to go to the police station, out of my way, and I am so tired. Decidedly I have no luck to-night."

And Jean Loqueteux went to the police station, where he experienced all kinds of trouble trying to see the Commissary, on account of his dilapidated appearance. Finally the magistrate consented to receive him.

"M. Commissary," he said very politely, handing the portfolio, "I have found this."

"And naturally, there is nothing in it?"

"Look for yourself, M. Commissary."

This gentleman opened the pocketbook, saw the bills, which he counted at once.

"Ten thousand francs! An enormous amount of money, my friend! You are a brave man, an honest man, a hero! Do you know that?"

Jean Loqueteux remained very quiet, only repeating: "To think that some people carry in that way ten thousand francs in their pockets!"

The Commissary was considering the vagrant with more astonishment than admiration.

"And you have found this? There is no use talking, you are a hero! What is your name?"

"Jean Loqueteux."

"What is your profession?"

"I have none."

"Then I suppose you have an income. Where do you live?"

"Alas! M. Commissary, I am a poor beggar, I have no residence."

"What? No residence? This is astonishing. He has no residence," remarked the commissary. Then addressing Jean Loqueteux, he added:

"You have no residence. Therefore you are a vagrant. You are a hero, evidently. Yes, you are a hero. But you are also a vagrant, and I am compelled to apply the law. Here is the pocketbook; no doubt about that. You may receive a reward, possibly five francs, if the owner is discovered. But this does not alter the fact that you live in a state of vagrancy. Believe me, it would have been much better for you to find a residence than to find a pocketbook, containing ten thousand francs. The law does not compel you to find a pocketbook, but it compels you to have a residence; otherwise—"

"Otherwise?" asked Jean Loqueteux.

"Otherwise, I have to lock you up for the night and send you in the morning to the police court."

The commissary rang the bell and two police officers led the vagrant to a cell.

"Really," said the disheartened Jean Loqueteux, "I have no luck to-day!"

Mr. Wm. Walsh, founder of the Merrick, Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co., desires to inform his friends that he is now connected with the J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

## TO CHANGE A QUARTER.

"How much does it take to change a quarter?" asked the bartender. "Twenty-five cents, eh? Not on your life. It takes seventy cents to do the trick. How many ways do you suppose a quarter dollar can be changed? Just exactly eleven. A fellow of limited means may like the jingle of coin in his clothes. In that event you can give him twenty-five pennies or twenty pennies and one nickel, supposing he wants to get a beer. He may like to have a little sprinkling of silver in his clothes, and you can accommodate him with fifteen pennies and a dime, or ten pennies, a dime and a nickel. If he prefers to have change handy for a beer and a car fare, why fifteen pennies and two nickels will fix him up, and if he wants a cigar in addition, besides having a little stock of cash in his jeans, give him ten pennies and three nickels. That makes six ways. Now, then, a fellow with a quarter can trade it off for five pennies and two dimes, five pennies and four nickels, two dimes and one nickel, one dime and three nickels or five nickels, just as he prefers. And to accommodate him in any way that he might select you have to possess twenty-five pennies, two dimes and five nickels—seventy cents in all."

COMPLETE OUTFIT of  
PRINTED STATIONERY \$1

Consisting of 100 Cards, 100 Note Heads and 100 Envelopes, all good quality, with name, address, etc., neatly printed on all, for \$1, delivered free of extra charge anywhere. Send for Samples. Agents wanted. 100 Calling Cards 35c.

Thos. P. Smith & Co., 105 S. Seventh St., St. Louis, Mo

16,600 frs.  
Awarded at Paris

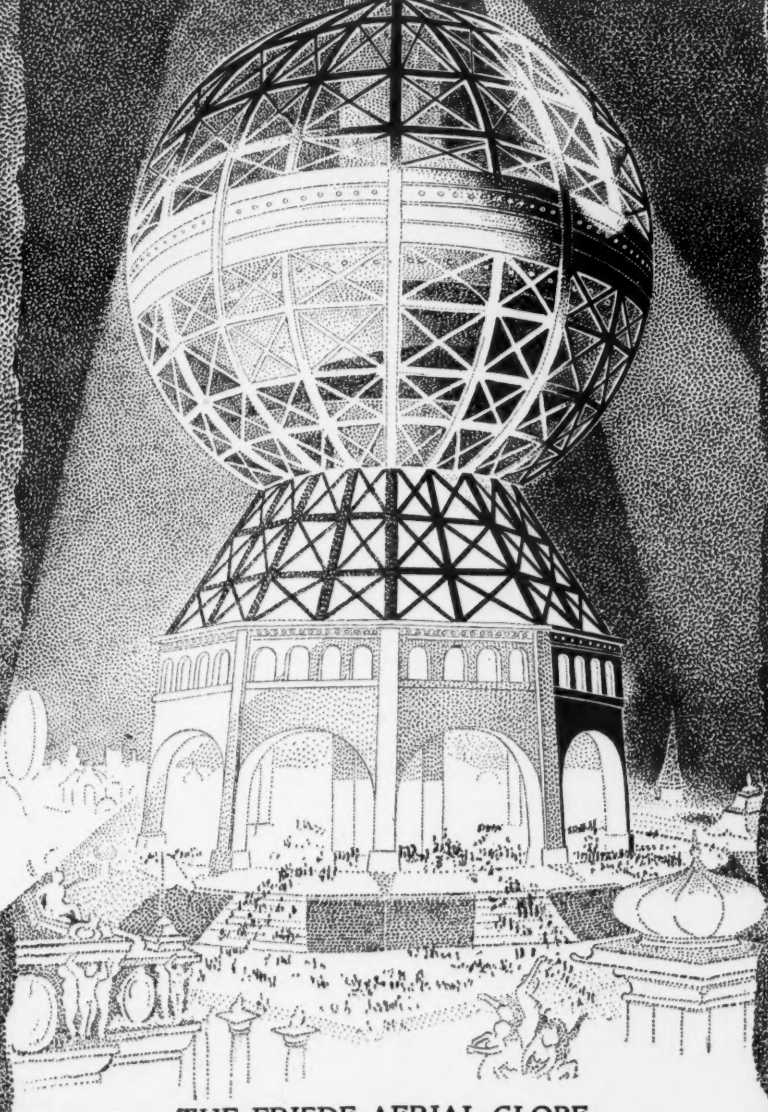
**QUINA-LAROCHE**

WINE CORDIAL

Highest recommendations for cure of Poorness of Blood, Stomach troubles and General Debility. Increases the appetite, strengthens the nerves and builds up the entire system.

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# At the top—Always Blanke's Faust Blend Coffee



## THE FRIEDE AERIAL GLOBE.

The Friede Aerial Globe will be the feature of the St. Louis World's Fair in 1903. It will be the largest structure ever erected and will cost \$2,000,000 to build. It will be made entirely of steel, 750 feet in height, circumference at the base, 1,000 feet, with a capacity for 25,000 people. In it will be coliseum, theater, music hall, a movable cafe, palm garden, illustrated dome and attractions to entertain 25,000 people at one time. Half the distance to the top, or about 400 feet above the ground, will be an immense palm garden cafe, in which, as

## In all this Colossal Structure, FAUST BLEND COFFEE will be served exclusively.

Mr. C. F. Blanke, the President of the Friede-Blanke Aerial Globe Co., which will build the Globe, is also President of the C. F. Blanke Tea and Coffee Co., who make the now world-famous Faust Blend Coffee—the very best coffee that can be produced.

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**C. F. Blanke Tea and Coffee Co., St. Louis.**



REPRINTED BY REQUEST.

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

With klinge, klinge, klinge,  
Way down the dusty dingle,  
The cows are coming home;  
Now sweet and clear, and faint and low,  
The airy tinklings come and go,  
Like chimings from some far-off tower,  
Or patterings of an April shower  
That makes the daisies grow—  
Ko-ling, ko-lang, koklingeleingle,  
Way down the darkening dingle  
The cows come softly home.

With jingle, jangle, jingle,  
Soft sounds that sweetly mingle,  
The cows are coming home;  
Malime, and Pearl, and Florimel,  
Dekamp, Redrose, and Gretchen Schell,  
Queen Bess and Sylph, and Spangled Sue—  
Across the fields I hear loo-loo,  
And clang her silver bell,  
Go-ling, go-lang, golvingeleingle,  
With faint far sounds that mingle,  
The cows come slowly home;  
And mother-songs of long-gone years,  
And baby joys, and childish fears,  
And youthful hopes, and youthful fears,  
When the cows come home.

With ringle, rangle, ringle,  
By twos and three and single,  
The cows are coming home,  
Through the violet air we see the town.  
And the summer sun a-slipping down;  
The maple in the hazel glade  
Throws down the path a longer shade,  
And the hills are growing brown,  
To-ring, to-rang, toringeleingle,  
By threes and fours and single,  
The cows come slowly home.  
The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,  
The same sweet June-day rest and calm,  
The same sweet scent of bud and balm,  
When the cows come home.

With tinkle, tankle, tinkle,  
Through fern and periwinkle,  
The cows are coming home.  
A-loitering in the checkered stream,  
Where the sun-rays dance and gleam,  
Starine, Peachbloom, and Phoebe Phyllis  
Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies,  
In the drowsy dream,  
To-link, to-lank, tolinkleinkle,  
O'er banks and buttercups a-twinkle,  
The cows come slowly home;  
And up through memory's deep ravine  
Come the brook's old song and its old-time sheen,  
And the crescent of the silver queen,  
When the cows come home.

With a klinge, klinge, klinge,  
With a loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,  
The cows are coming home;  
And over here on Merlin hill,  
Hear the plaintive cry of the whippoorwill;  
The dewdrops lie on the tangled vines,  
And over the poplars Venus shines;  
And over the silent mill,  
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolvingeleingle,  
With a ting-a-ling and jingle,  
The cows come slowly home.  
Let down the bars, let in the train  
Of long-gone songs, and flowers, and rain;  
For dear old times come back again  
When the cows come home.

Agnes E. Mitchell.

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EVIDENCE.—"How do you tell the age  
of a turkey?" "By the teeth." "A turkey  
hasn't got teeth!" "No; but I have."—  
Tit-Bits.

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IS THE

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In its issue of May 9, 1901, this item appears:

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carrier in the world. The one-cent stamp  
represents the lake navigation with which  
the Central Railroad connects; the two-cent  
stamp, the famous Empire State Express  
train; the four-cent stamp, the automobiles  
used in the Central Railroad cab service;  
the five-cent stamp, the Niagara Falls bridge,  
past which the Central trains dash; the eight-  
cent stamp, the locks at Sault Ste. Marie,  
through which the Central Road steamers  
pass, and the ten cent stamp, the ocean  
steamers with which the New York Central  
Lines connect and ticket passengers to every  
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the New York Central as the National rail-  
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The Bulletin Press Association, New York



# Sonnets to a Wife.

By Ernest McGaffey.

The New York Times Saturday Review is a publication the  
utterances of which are authoritative because uninfluenced by  
advertising or personal friendship for authors. Its book reviews  
are noted for their honesty of judgment, not less than for their  
literary excellence. This is what the New York Times Saturday  
Review of August 10th, 1901, says of "Sonnets To A Wife" by  
Ernest McGaffey:

IT is not at all easy to explain the nature of a successful sonnet. There is  
something subtle in the essence of this form, yet it is by no means difficult to  
recognize a good sonnet. These are indeed few, for the sonnet is the most in-  
exorable form of poetry. To put into the unalterable arrangement of the four-  
teen lines a thought that shall justify its expression in this form and justify the  
form at the same time is not given to every one who has a faculty in other  
verse patterns. If the occasional sonneteer succeeds rarely, he who sets out to  
write a series of sonnets, addressed to one person and following one line of ex-  
perience, will certainly make failures.

Of course, the reader will at once recall the wonderful "Sonnets from the  
Portuguese" of Mrs. Browning, but this series stands to-day as the single suc-  
cessful example of its kind. Petrarch's sonnets to his beloved Laura were not  
written in a formal series, and it must be recollected that he did not confine him-  
self to this one form in praising his adored one. Shakespeare's sonnets were also  
written apparently without direct connection. So it must be admitted that when  
Mr. Ernest McGaffey wrote "Sonnets To A Wife," he undertook no light task.  
In a volume containing more than three-score sonnets, all addressed to one per-  
son, even though that person be a wife for whom the writer cherishes a beau-  
tiful love, there are sure to be some pretty poor specimens. Mr. McGaffey has  
undertaken to touch upon every phase and exfoliation of his adoration, with all  
its corollaries, and of course, he has fallen into some deep pitfalls.

But if his valleys are profound, his mountains are correspondingly lofty.  
We are not acquainted with other work of this author, who, we fancy, has made  
himself known through the columns of the newspapers of this city. We do not  
know how large or how long has been his training in the molding of English into  
the highest forms of expression. It seems fair to judge from his work that he  
has had less experience as a poet than as a lover. He has been bent on making  
known the depth and the breadth of his passion rather than on mastering all  
the technic of verse. But he has occasionally found perfect expression for some  
tender and beautiful thoughts, and he has, therefore, written some sonnets which  
deserve to live. Here is one entitled "Recollections":

To conjure up old memories; to say  
"Do you remember that in such a June  
An orchard/oriole sang to us a tune  
Melodiously from out a branching spray  
Of leafy denseness; or on such a day  
We saw the silver spectre of the moon  
Long after dawn and nearing unto noon,  
A merest wraith of sickle gaunt and gray?"

These are love's echoes faintly heard and fine,  
But ever present, never dim nor mute,  
That you and I in comradeship do share;  
Sweet symphonies that breathe a sense divine,  
Like misty chords that linger by a lute,  
Though all the silver strings are shattered there.

In the book the word "to" is omitted from the third line, but Mr. McGaffey's  
ear is so true that we are sure that he never wrote the line without the word, and  
consequently have supplied it. The man who wrote that sonnet is a genuine  
poet, no matter if he failed with some of the others. And there are other sonnets  
quite as good as "Recollections," while happy lines and luminous phrases are  
sown prodigally through the handsomely printed pages. This little volume will  
be a dear companion to all who know the loveliness of love, to all who can appre-  
ciate the voicing of the best emotions that come to a man's heart. Women will find  
joy in its pages, for they set forth the kind of worship for which every woman  
craves. It may be that Mr. McGaffey will not again find inspiration to move his  
muse to such fine songs, but he may rest happy in the assurance that by these son-  
nets—at least those which show him at his best—he has earned a right to be  
classed among the most sincere and tender of our recent singers.

The book reviewed above is printed on hand-made paper,  
bound in white paper-vellum over boards and inserted in a slide  
case. It was printed in the office of the St. Louis MIRROR and  
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